The Problems of Childhood

Angelo Patri

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The Problems of Childhood

By ANGELO PATRI

CHILD TRAINING

TALKS TO MOTHERS

SCHOOL AND HOME

THE PROBLEMS OF CHILDHOOD

The Problems of Childhood

by

Angelo Patri

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Preface

I wrote the little stories that compose this book because of a deep sympathy for teachers. Teaching looks so easy from the student's side of the desk. The theory flows smoothly from the lips of the professor to the tip of the fountain pen that so neatly inscribes it in the notebook. The examination questions permit themselves to be answered from the contents of these notebooks and the student teacher, armed with a diploma from the normal school or the teachers' college, steps before the class, a teacher.

Then, for the first time in the life of the teacher the reality stands clear. The children who sat so demurely, answered so promptly, attended so whole-heartedly in the model classes become but an aching memory, a lost picture-card memory. These children are altogether different. They look at each other and giggle; they whisper; they are deaf to directions; their feet are shod as with iron; and their minds are in armor.

At the end of the first day the new teacher usually feels bewildered, cheated, abused, and most heartily discouraged. There is such a vast stretch between the theory child and the live child; such a wide difference between children under the control of a model teacher and those who are experimenting with the beginning teacher.

It is to the teacher in training, the beginner, the new teacher, the troubled teacher we would send this book. The children in the classrooms are the very children of the model schools save for the personal variations that make them children. The laws of psychology, the educational theories based upon them, the elements of child nature as

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set forth in the lecture room are essentially true. Some degree of each element, some phase of the law, some part of the theory is evident in every child in the room, only the combination varies. The secret of teaching lies in discovering the combination and the precise phase of growth present in each child.

"If you'll come upstairs and make them behave, I'll teach them," said a tearful beginner. Child behavior seems to be the whole of school life to the novice. In a sense it is, but the beginner puts the result for the cause. Behavior is the effect of the teacher's influence, not an expression of the evil spirit in childhood. Children prefer order and discipline and routine and accomplishment to confusion. They respond immediately to the teacher who can create the atmosphere of the well-ordered classroom.

Instead of interpreting the whispering and the nudging and the giggling as characteristics of childhood under training, know them for what they are: demonstrations of childhood misdirected, misunderstood, mismanaged. Interpret the behavior of each child as a direct response to classroom environment in some phase or other. Search for the principle involved and apply it. Set the teaching to meet the children's needs rather than some preconceived idea of the teacher's, and the crudity of the unorganized classroom will disappear. Teaching will [illegible] joy.

Each little story in the book is a record of some child's behavior. Mr. Carpenter, whose book this really is—it is his own idea—has clinched each chapter with the right bit of educational theory and principle so that the teacher can interpret them correctly and interpret similar occurrences in her own experience. He has set a few questions to enable the student to search the record for what may not be clear on a first reading.

Working together, Mr. Carpenter and I have tried to give the teacher a book that will remove some of the diffi-

culties of the early days. We have tried to do so in the spirit of appreciation of the teacher's task, in a strong desire to be of service to our fellow workers and to the children whose success so much depends upon the way we teachers of America discharge our teaching duty.

A. P.

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Angelo Patri

[*For many years schoolmasters Angelo Patri and William McAndrew worked together in the public schools of New York City. What the older man thinks of the younger is here set down as William McAndrew says it.*]

All of us school folks and thousands of others know Angelo; some of us have talked with him, more of us have read him in books and in periodicals.

Like Robert Louis and 'Gene and Myra, those others who have written of and for children, he wins the affection that uses one's first name. For he is a "familiar" poet, mostly lyrical, sometimes really epic, didactic delightfully, rich in sentiment without slopping over, able to depict children without being childish. Progressive, confident, observant, human, a practical psychologist, he turns his science into conversation with grace and charm, displaying a combination of artistry, affection, understanding, and common sense. His popularity is based on the fundamental fact that children are inevitably interesting. There is no more universal truth than that. Be you man or woman, unless there is some derangement afflicting you, it is certain that you have affection, concern, and delight in children. "The proper study of mankind is man," said the very quotable poet. "The fascinating study is children," says Angelo.

So you have here a volume of engaging essays on making the most of children. If it were entitled a treatise on teaching you might not want to read it. For bad luck has put upon what is naturally the most fascinating of all occupations the suspicion of dullness. But this series, perused by those who are obligated to care for children, will coax us

away from traditional stupidities and will set before us the enjoyment that is the lot of the master gardener whose business it is to see that his plants grow to their full perfection. Angelo has no complacent acceptance of things as they are. He rejects long-standing usages. But he does not quarrel. Read him on "prizes," on "thinking hard," and on "thinking productively." Doesn't he move you to say, "That's so. I wonder why I didn't think of that before"? He is not of those who would attempt the futile though not uncommon business of telling the public that we teachers are so conscientious and so hard-worked that we should never be criticised. Nor does he go into that other well-known operation of scornful correction of our mistakes. He does, by instance, by story, and by reasonable discussion, allure to brighter fields and lead the way. Teachers will, of course, find herein a satisfaction and a solace. Every other whom you can start a-reading these discourses will come through a better citizen in that he will have more understanding of the amazing complexities of the teacher's task. Every reader will have high admiration for these makers of to-morrow. Find a place where ministers and teachers are respected; it stands high among the cities. If I were the moving spirit of parent-teachers' associations, I would form a class in each town to make this book the basis of a season's study and discussion. It is full of nutriment, appetizingly served.

WILLIAM MCANDREW

Part One

Some Guide Posts

The Problems of Childhood

§ 1. *HAPPINESS*

I HAVE forgotten the name of the wise man who said, "Whatever makes men happier makes them better." I know however that he spoke the truth. Especially is this true of little children. Happiness is essential to their growth.

It takes so little to make a child happy. I have seen a child's face light up with joy because the teacher paused beside her to pat her lovingly on the head and say, "Such a good child. Trying so hard."

I remember one child particularly because she had to leave the school and go to another in a distant city. After she had been away for two months, the mother returned.

"We are coming back," she said. "It is going to be very inconvenient for father, but we cannot help it. The children are so deadly unhappy. They are learning nothing. Every day they have something to cry about.

"I've done some of the crying myself. The first day the children went to the new school I tried to make them look as well as possible. I curled Kate's hair and tied it with her prettiest ribbon. She was so happy. She expected the teacher to notice it and speak about it as the old one would have done.

"At noon the child came home. 'O, mother, it was awful. The teacher said, "Kate Robinson, tell your mother that she is to tie your hair in a tight braid at once. Never come

to this school again with your hair flying about like that.'"

"Things were just as bad with the boy. At noon when I washed his face and hands he said, 'O, it doesn't make any difference, mother. This teacher doesn't notice whether you are clean or not.'

"In this school the teacher praised them and said they were very bright. In the school where they are now they are very slow and sit in the slow group.

"The children will be back on Monday. They are so happy they can scarcely wait."

The teacher who taught these little children understood how to make them happy. She praised their efforts at neatness. She praised them when they were polite. She praised them when they succeeded.

Happiness radiated in that classroom and the children grew physically and mentally.

The best standard of measurement of a teacher's work is the very simple one: "Are the children in her classes genuinely happy?" If they are you may feel safe about those children.

§ 2. *THE GIFT OF THE GODS*

Each child is born into the world with a gift. The "fairies" leave no child unattended. To one is given the gift of color, to another, the love of pleasant sounds. One has the gift of words, to another is given the key to the secrets of science. To each his gift.

Life becomes bearable to us in proportion as we develop the gift. If we use it in our daily living, if we can train it to its perfection, we are blessed indeed.

If the gift lies smothered and hidden under the round of daily labor we are unhappy, restless, dissatisfied. Joy comes to us only as we use the gift that makes us different from every other human being. It is the voice of our souls. We must live in its expression or die in its despair.

A real school looks for the gifts. It becomes expert in detecting them. It sets the stage for the development of them. It leaves a bit of each day free so that each child may, for a brief space of time, mount his Pegasus and ride, ride, ride, to the lonely places, the unexplored places of the soul.

The school must be equipped for this side of the child's growth. The book-loving child must have his library. He loves the books. He loves their color, their silent order as they stand, lined around the walls. He revels in their invitation and their promise. Here he enjoys his gift, his soul expands.

For the child who draws there is the studio where he may draw the thing his inner eye discloses. He will not, perhaps, attain the height of his soul's vision. Who has? You failed yourself the other day when you tried to set your beautiful dream down on the cool white paper. You could not set down the beautiful idea that lighted your

long day. Still you are the nearer to it for having tried. You had the vision. The child must have it if he is to be anything but a machine tuned up for a day's breadwinning.

The child who loves sounds should have the freedom of a music studio. Try to get over the idea that a child must strum over the scales for endless hours before he can make music. He does not. The very best music teacher I know says that he need not. He can sit down at the piano and play a song, play a mood, if you let him.

The technique, the drudgery of the art will all be mastered willingly once he gets a glimpse of the joy beyond. You used to think a child could not learn to read without first learning the alphabet. We have proved he can. He reads first and learns the alphabet when he needs it.

Give the child with a gift a chance. America needs him.

§ 3. *THE NORMAL CHILD*

Please give the normal child a chance.

If a child is feeble-minded he is sent to a special class. This means a little group of children taught by a specially trained teacher. The classroom is especially equipped, and the program and the course of study are based on the needs of the child. Everything that can be done to conserve and develop the stunted abilities of these children is done. And that is well.

If a boy is so absurd as to play truant and to insist upon doing so, he is sent to the Truant School. This is a home school. Small groups of boys live in pretty cottages presided over by house mothers. They are sent to school and taught by teachers specially trained and highly paid for their work. And that too is well.

The child who is blind, the child who is deaf, the child who is tubercular or crippled, any child afflicted with any disabling disease, is specially cared for by experts. And that is very well indeed for afflicted childhood should be eased and comforted and loved into hope and forgetfulness of its pain.

But please give the healthy, clear-eyed, free-limbed youngster an equally good chance. It is he who must carry the burden of these other helpless ones and support his own family at the same time. He is to do a real man's work in this world, support himself and five others.

Does he get the specially trained teacher and the carefully equipped school? Sometimes. Too often he is crowded into classes of fifty and given the teacher that costs the least.

Is he taught so as to bring out his latent abilities and conserve those he shows strongly? Not often.

"Conserve his powers and bring out his latent talents?" groans his teacher. "I'd like to have the chance. All I can do is to hear him recite once a period and not waste any too much time about that. Mass teaching is all I have the time for. Individual teaching is impossible in this sort of organization.

"Give me a smaller class, a flexible program and I'll have an opportunity to develop his latent talents and bring out his individuality."

The taxpayers would object? I don't think so if you explained things to them. The taxpayers do not really know what goes on in the schools because they never go there and the teachers never go where the taxpayers are. But they read the papers. That is why I am asking you to tell your story "give the normal child a chance. Please."

§ 4. *SCHOOL TRADITION*

I VISITED the school of a famous American schoolmaster, long dead. His name is remembered because he carried the children of his generation a long stride ahead of the traditions of their fathers. His day rang with his praises because he had battled that the utmost good to be found in the life of his people should be bent to the service of the children in his school. His work was a challenge and an inspiration to all teachers who came after him.

So I visited his school. "Here at least we shall find the spirit of inquiry, a striving toward the freedom of the intellect, a school that leads the children to their fullest growth physically, mentally, and spiritually.

"I wonder what they've done toward giving the individual child a chance. Hope they've worked out a good plan for intelligent and happy play without the usual formalism or the competitive athletics. The class teaching ought to be fine, too, because he used to lay such stress on the personal contact of teacher and pupil in the classroom. He was a real master in his day. Gave this school such a start that it must have traveled far."

Then the lady who received the visitors came into the room and welcomed me with a stately cordiality. She would, herself, show me about the school. They had many visitors because of the fine old traditions of the place and they had tried so hard to preserve them.

"See, there was the master's chair at the desk, just as he used to have it. The equipment of the office was his. Nothing has been altered. Those were his books in the cases, just as he had left them. The school has found it necessary to add a few books to the general library, but a few, a very few.

"The old walnut stairs. The treads are worn but we hope to keep them for yet another twenty years. The classrooms? Just as he left them. We have preserved the old forms. The pupils are taught to reverence them. They are not as comfortable nor perhaps as hygienic as some of the newer seats, but then, the new would have no traditions.

"You see? We have administered the school just as though he were here. Changed nothing. This school goes on exactly as it did forty years ago."

I thanked the stately lady and left the halls of tradition. Such a mistaken notion of tradition. The master had been keenly alive to every movement that spelled growth for his children; had reached out and gathered in every bit of new method, new equipment, new thought, that would leaven the lump of clay he was molding. And when he died his followers had turned his workshop into a monument to the dead and maintained it so in great reverence.

Schools are no monuments to the dead, however great. They are the temples of living intelligence and it is time they were relieved of the clutch of death that is upon them. Selfish taxpayers, slumbering boards of education, uninspired masters, tradition worshipers, ought to be housecleaned from the schools. The schools of America are the temples of a living democracy.

§ 5. *CARRYING THROUGH*

A CLASS was busily engaged in setting type in the print shop. One lad had a card to set up. It was to be printed in Italian. The children were going to take it home to their parents who spoke that language.

The boy worked steadily for a time. Then he hesitated and at last stopped work. He had come to a word that he did not understand.

He looked over at the instructor. The doubt in his face changed to decision. The instructor was plainly an English-thinking, English-speaking man. No help could be obtained there.

He looked with discriminating eye at his mates as they bent over their cases. No. None of them could help.

His clouded face brightened. Slipping softly from the room he went to the cabinet shop where his friend was at work. He drew him aside and the two held a whispered conversation. Satisfied that he had the right idea the lad returned to his place and set up his card.

He accepted responsibility for the job. When he met the difficulty he thought his way out, then worked his way through. It is seldom that a child in school gets the opportunity to plan a piece of work, think it through, work it out, and see it applied. Rarely does he get the chance to do a piece of work that is real, that is of immediate use, that is of genuine worth.

Too often he is confined to the routine of the school. The day is filled with set lessons, standardized exercises, that never take him any farther than the neat sheets of paper upon which they are written.

The teachers do most of the thinking, most of the talking, most of the selecting. They have so much work to

do that they are rushed for time and feel that they cannot wait—that they cannot wait for the child's slower, more blundering efforts to take hold.

The idea at bottom is wrong. We are not teaching the course of study. We are training children.

What good is the hundred per cent in spelling and the high grade in grammar if the child cannot think?

Who cares that the boy can name all the presidents in order if he cannot size up a simple situation and think his way through successfully?

We need thinkers. We need people who can help themselves intelligently. We need workers who are not afraid of responsibility.

Set the school so the child may have a chance to select, to think, to do. Give him a chance to grow by taking over responsibility and seeing his own job through.

§ 6. *LEADERSHIP*

Children should be trained toward self-reliance and leadership. Children love to lead. The good playground teacher remembers this and gives the children a chance.

There is a playground teacher in a big public school that knows just how to do this. She cultivates leaders. The play period begins with the usual formal exercises and dancing. The second half of the period is given over to real play.

This is the part that the children love best. They break up into little groups, each under a leader. They select their own leader. She or he holds that place as long as his group wants him. He fully understands that his leadership depends upon his appeal to the play feeling of his group. Once a leader makes good he is fondly fixed in the hearts of his followers.

Mollie has been play leader for several years. She knows almost instinctively what pleases children. She studied how to get the best for them.

First she played the group games that all children like. Then she hit upon the "supposes." Each child played a "suppose" and the others guessed what he was supposing. The dramatic appeal was strong and the response instant.

Then a group within the group took to playing the "suppose." It became more involved, more interesting. The group was fascinated. Things became more and more interesting. The group became a dramatic club. They wrote and played simple little plays.

They kept their club together through the school. They grew in power and appreciation. The members of the club became play leaders for the younger children. Mollie was still the directing spirit.

But Mollie grew up as all children do and went out of the school.

Every spare hour Mollie had she gave to the children in the playground. She slipped in after school hours and helped the little ones play. She gave advice and assistance to the dramatic club that she had helped to form.

Now she is about to return to the school as a teacher. What great possibilities Mollie's teaching holds for the children. Here is real leadership.

Love of service and the opportunity made a leader of Mollie. A real school offers opportunities for leadership to its children.

§ 7. *GENTLY*

Children, like the rest of us, do their work on a mysterious stream of power that we call energy. When it is flowing steadily, easily, the children swim along making fine progress. Dam it up, check it, and they make no progress. They are lost in dread and confusion. Too often we check it by our headlong rush to force the little ones to go ahead faster.

Watch a busy child and see how easily he moves and how gracefully he adjusts himself to the demands of the job. How serene the expression of his face and how happy his eyes. He is at ease. No tension shows itself in nerve or muscle. His energy is flowing free.

Some anxious grown-up goes to examine his work. He finds a mistake. He calls out sharply and talks at the top of his voice. Why, why. Too bad, too bad. Quick, quick. Never again, never.

The child's body has grown tense, the graceful, sure-moving hands slip and blunder and become clumsy. The light of happiness leaves his eyes and trouble lurks in their depths. His energy has been checked, dammed up, and there will be no headway until it is released and flowing freely.

Children must be helped and guided. Criticism is food for their growth and as necessary as any other stimulant, but it must be given gently and impersonally with a light touch that will not jam on the weights and check the flowing energy.

Whenever it becomes your duty to look at the work of a child do a little bit of remembering. Hold still a second and recall the efforts you had to make to do a bit of new work and how far from successful your efforts were. That

will give you a bit of sympathy and appreciation of what is going on.

Then remember the person who talked to you about your job. Remember how his sharp word galvanized your spirit, how you lost all sense and blundered aimlessly for a long time afterward. Remember how you thrilled at a word of praise and jumped forward to take the suggestion offered in gentle helpful tones. That will give your voice sympathy and understanding.

Then remember that teaching is setting free the spirit of a child. That you cannot by taking thought add one cubit to his stature, but by freeing him from ignorance and cheering him through your knowledge and faith and love you help him to add to his own stature, you teach him.

The line of communication between teacher and taught is very light. It is intangible, a thing of spirit that rides on the flow of energy, a power of Infinite Mind. It will not bear shocks. Speak gently, move gently, deal gently, and it has no limitations.

§ 8. *THINK EASY*

Again and again during the day the children are told to think hard.

"What did Mrs. Graham say when she told you about the meeting? What was it she wanted me to do?"

"I don't know. She said something about reading a paper."

"Yes, but what about and why did she want it? It's not the time for it?"

"Yes, she said something about that but I forget."

"Well think, why don't you? Think hard."

In school the teacher asks, "Why was the battle important?"

Says the troubled child, "I don't know."

"But think. Think hard. It was important, wasn't it? Well then, think hard."

So the child thinks hard. He tenses the muscles of his face. Creases appear between his eyes. His shoulders rise almost to his ears. He tenses the muscles and nerves of his hands until the knuckles are white. He stiffens his neck, he tightens his backbone. His face is red with the struggle to hold his breath while he chases the elusive fact. He is thinking hard from head to toe. He is as hard and as stiff as a board.

Which is very, very wrong. A tense body cuts off all communication with the thoughtful mind. It walls it in so that no trickle of thought can escape. The mind has obeyed orders and become hard. Concrete is no harder medium than the one that forms when the order goes out to "Think hard."

And all the time what you meant to say was "think easy." Easy does it every time. Thought is fluid and

must flow over wide, open, free tracts. There must be no tightening, no hardening of any part of the machine that is doing the thinking. The slightest tension dams the flow and all thought stops.

What one needs to do to help the child whose dribble of thought has been checked is to open wide the way for it to flow through. Speak gently. Throw out the suggestive associations to him. Keep the tone even and very impersonal. The quivering mind is very shy. The slightest jolt, a dramatic note, a change of tone will send it scurrying back behind the wall.

Softly, softly, coax it out. Suggest ease and sureness and leisure. The backbone will become supple, the hands lie relaxed in the lap, the eyes will grow clear and deep, the troubled face will lighten, and the tense line relax into gentle curves. An air of self-forgetfulness will possess the child and the thought he is searching for, whether the answer to a studied question or the solution of a problem or a mere recollection, will come surely and accurately. A very pleasant experience.

No, it is not "Think hard." It is "Think easy."

§ 9. *THE DRIVING FORCE*

"CHILDREN are not what they used to be," said Ryan. "You can teach and teach until you are hoarse and you won't get a spark out of them. Here and there you get one, an odd one, but that's all. They don't want to do anything."

"I wouldn't say that," said Philipps, shifting his pipe. "We have some pretty busy youngsters in our school, pretty busy."

"Yes, playing," grumbled Ryan. "I know you. You let them puddle in color and clay and write poetry books instead of composition and keep store instead of doing arithmetic and call that business. I mean real work. The children nowadays have no driving force. Not a bit. They make motions and don't get anywhere."

"No driving force? They have plenty. Oodles of it. The school does not give them a chance to use it. Then they blame the children just as you are doing."

"Take that Kelly lad I sent over to your place last month," retorted Ryan. "Has he any driving force? That boy never did a thing that he wasn't driven to do. Had to stay in every day to study the lessons he hadn't taken the trouble to learn. Big, strong, healthy boy going to waste. You know it's so."

"Kelly isn't going to waste. He's got his driving force hitched up and he's going ahead like woods afire. That boy has a powerful emotional force that makes things hum when he turns it on."

"Got the worst temper of any boy in town, if that's what you mean."

"Hasn't lost his temper as far as I know but once and then he was scarcely to blame. Old Pete, the janitor, mis-

took his layout of a village for waste and threw it out. I'll admit Kelly was a bit annoyed. You see, he is emotional. He likes things or he hates them. He thrills to a lovely bit of color or writing or he is bored to extinction and into bad temper. Once you hitch his emotions to his job nothing in the school can touch him for speed or thoroughness or craftsmanship.

"He hates formal composition and when he was told to write a description he sulked gloomily until he found out that he could describe old Pete. Then he cheered up. He did himself proud on that piece and the teacher marked him A. Since then he has purred."

What the school man meant was that school lessons become life influences when they reach down into a child's emotions and that, until they do, they do not function. Memory stunts are junk in the mind of a child. Lessons must make children feel or they fall upon stony ground.

§ 10. *MEDALS*

Some folk like to wear medals and other folk like to bestow them, which is, of course, a matter of taste and perfectly all right if the people are grown-up and keep the medals between themselves instead of offering them to the children. Children do not understand medals. They are likely to think that they mean that the person who wears one has done something really worth while to win it. You will have to agree that that seldom happens. The person who won that medal usually would have done just as good work without it, if he did any.

That's the point about winning a medal. If you are the only person who could write a masterly sonnet what good did the medal do you? You had the sonnet. If you were one of a thousand or two that could and did write sonnets as lovely as yours, where did the medal come into your life? It's just like one tea-drinking old lady saying to another tea-drinking old lady, "My dear your tea is a masterpiece. Let me give you this tea strainer to wear in memory of your achievement." That's about all the good a medal ever does.

There isn't any reason in a medal unless its winning caused two ideas to sprout in the mind of the child where but one sprouted before. Does that child get the medal? Rarely. The child who originally had a full quota of ideas won it or else some one who had a friend on the committee and no ideas at all, was given it. It rarely, very rarely, stimulates the submerged powers of a child into growth. It often, too often, drags out his envy and grudging and moodiness and sets him facing the "what's the use" class.

Worse than that it spoils the creative fire, the spirit of fine service given in a fine way, as often as it rewards it.

There was a lad who went to a crowded high school in a great city. In his class was a blind boy who had to find his way from class to class, no light matter for a seeing boy. This lad took upon himself the duty of piloting the blind boy about the school and seeing him to and from the school. More blind lads came and the pilot gathered a group of his mates and pledged them to take each his share of the blind boy's burden.

When the day of his graduation approached the adults who had looked on and admired the pilot's work decided that he ought to have a medal for it and so, without the boy's knowledge a gold medal was struck off and presented to him with his diploma.

His face flushed and he took the plush case doubtfully, made his awkward little bow and slipped away. Later when his teacher congratulated him and asked to see the medal the boy said as he laid it in his hand, "It sorta spoils it, doesn't it?"

That's it. The soul set to do its best resents the medal; the other soul doesn't get anywhere with or without it.

§ 11. *BE EASY*

"Yes, I know the public schools are very good but I don't want my children to have the public-school walk and the public-school manners. So crude."

I wonder. Walking is something that the public schools can teach as well as the private schools. Why not? I've seen good and bad posture and walking and listened to harsh voices and looked at ungraceful movements in some of the best private as well as public schools. Children should be taught well in both.

I've heard the children stamping and shuffling along the halls. I've seen them going upstairs with a sideways drag and a lurch. I've noticed their clumsy movements. But the poor children had never been taught to balance their bodies.

Walking is a matter of balance. Once children have learned to stand on their feet and step forward and walk they are supposed to have finished that story. They know how to walk ever afterward. But you have only to watch them to see that they don't.

They should walk with the light grace of a swaying reed. There should be no sign of effort, no jerks or bumps or stumblings. Their progress across a room should have a rhythmical rise and fall, a balance so perfect that it suggests a ripple of music.

It has to be taught of course. The gymnasium teachers might give the subject more attention than they do. Surely walking without fatigue, carrying one's body without effort, moving steadily for hours without weariness and with real enjoyment would be worth cultivating.

I know a school where the girls are trained to balance their bodies. They walk about with the ease and grace of

floating thistledowns. I investigated how the teachers did it and found that one of the most simple and old-fashioned methods was still in use.

For an hour daily the girls worked with a light book on their heads. Whether they went upstairs or down, whether they danced or cooked or hammered or played the violin, the book rested on the top of their heads.

It was beautiful to see their carriage. The girls on the dancing floor looked like a group of "Woman with Jar" pictures. Rarely did a book fall off. They danced on their toes, made sweeping curtsies, sat on the mats and rose to their full heights and still the books rested on their heads.

It was a private school. But we could do that just as well in the public schools. And the voices can be trained too. There is no need of a child's being labeled as having the public-school voice, unless we make it so beautiful that it becomes a badge of honor.

Then teach the children to be easy. Show them how. Move with ease. Talk with ease. It isn't as hard as it looks. Just a little thought and then a little teaching and then a patient growing and the thing is done. Be easy.

§ 12. *REMOVING THE HUSKS*

FEW people really understand what teaching means. They think it is putting something into a child, adding something to him, filling him with goodness. It is not. It is letting something out of the child. Because:

Each child comes into the world with the germ of a soul, a fragment of the Infinite buried deep within him. That is the real child. The body of him, the habits and actions of him, no.

To have a real child and, in the fulness of time, a real man, it is necessary to help him to strip off the husks that close him in and free him, "that his light may so shine."

We cannot do this for the child. He must do it for himself. It is our privilege to show him how to do it. But we are forbidden by the immutable law to do it for him.

You cannot give a child happiness. You can but point the road that leads toward it.

You cannot give a child wisdom. You can try to attain it for yourself and having found it say to him, "That way wisdom lies."

You cannot give a child power. You can hand him his tools. You can teach him to use them. But his is the hand and his is the will that must drive. Then will his soul grow.

You cannot give a child courage. You can show him what it is. You can live it for his guidance. You can tell him of those who have lived with high hearts—those whose souls have lived after them. But the struggle—the victory—those are his alone.

You cannot give a child knowledge. Knowledge has to be bought with the iron coin of experience. Experience

brings the only knowledge that is actual, that will stand the test of practice. Each of us buys his own.

You cannot even give a child love. You shower your own love on him. Upon whom, upon what, will he shower his own? Has he the power to love? All you can do for him there is to enfold him in your own great love and so warm and enkindle his own.

Your self-sacrificing love will teach him. It will inspire him to the effort to cast off his husks and let the soul of him shine, free.

And as he struggles toward the heights, happiness and goodness and wisdom and power and knowledge will come to him. Shred by shred the husks of his body will drop from him and the light within shine clear and clean.

That is what teaching means to a teacher.

§ 13. *THE GIRL'S JOB*

The boy is born into the world with the well established notion that he is to do a man's work and that he is expected to prepare himself for the doing of it as promptly as possible. The girl has no such notion. The ghostly tradition of the idle woman has not been laid even by the new woman idea and the suffrage. A woman is not to work, really. She's to be in the home.

Washing and ironing and baking, sewing and nursing, bearing and rearing children, managing a house and all it entails is not, in the minds of the people, a job that requires any training. Girls are to pick it up as their mothers did. And that's a great injustice to the girls.

No system of education should be permitted to feel that it has done its duty by the girls until every girl that comes under its influence has been trained in home-making and everything that goes with it. The girl is entitled to know what is before her and have a chance to prepare for it.

After that she still needs all the education life and the schools can give her. Nothing she asks for should be withheld. Then she should pick out the one job she likes and go into it with all that is in her whether building or sewing, making hats or selling motors.

Why train her in such a way if she is going to be married and rear a family? Why put all that energy into one line when she is destined to live all her life in the circumscribed home?

There's plenty of use. A woman needs to bring to her job of home-making the broadest possible knowledge of the world and its doings. She needs to bring to her task of mothering the finest kind of intelligence that the life she bestows may be the richest gift possible. A woman's job

in the outside world becomes the background of her life in her own field when she starts work there.

It allows her to appreciate her husband's efforts to make his way. It gives her practical experience in spending and saving. Nobody should take the responsibility of spending money until he has earned some and tried to stretch it over the real and fancied needs of every day.

A woman's outside job ought to mean much to her children. The alertness of body and mind it brought her, the contacts with people, the difficulties, the successes, the mistakes, give her a store of wisdom that enables her to advise them intelligently.

"And you'd train a girl in a special line of work only to have her drop it when she is married? Such a waste. Why not follow both? A woman is entitled to her career."

True. If the talent is so great as to threaten a loss to the world it will take care of itself. If it's only a job it won't matter. What matters is that the girl be given the training she needs for her life work. She isn't getting it.

§ 14. *SUCCESS*

"I WANT my boy to be a success. I'm not particular as to what line he chooses but I want him to be a success in that line. Teach him so that he will be a successful man," said the business man to the teacher.

"Teach him to make money and then more money?" queried the teacher.

"Not exactly. I've made money but that is incidental to the fun I have had making it. That's my idea of success."

"What is it?"

"To be the very best man of my kind; to do the best job in my line; to beat the best I did to-day. I try to find out what the other fellow's best is and try to beat that. This constant effort to grow, the constant search for the best product and a way to better it, has kept me alive and happy and the money came as a matter of course.

"Take my boy. He is an intelligent youngster. He has brains enough to carry him through. He has discovered that, and he has discovered too that he doesn't need to exert them to their full power to do it.

"He brought home a report card showing a series of ratings that barely passed him. How he managed to scale down his efforts so exactly staggers me. In three cases he had exactly the passing mark and in the remaining two he had a margin of one and two."

"He was qualifying as the best of his kind," chuckled the teacher.

"Right. He was a fine 'footer.' My idea for him is to have him become a fine 'top-man.' I want him to learn to put his finger on the best work done in the class and say, 'I can beat that,' and then do it.

"I want him to learn to beat his own best, then look around and beat the other man's. I haven't much use for the idea of beating another man, it's his job I want to beat. Then there will be two fine jobs instead of one."

"I'm interested," said the teacher, "in how you are going to get the boy to feel that he hasn't done much by getting a bare passing mark. How are you going to get him to want to raise that mark? I've tried but he seems to think if he passes I should be satisfied."

"Exactly what he indicated to me so I found I'd have to go backward to get a good start. I fished out an old report card of my own that had four maximum marks on it and one poor one. I showed it to him and made him believe I thought it was great.

"He looked it over and then he said, 'I could beat that. You have only four maximums out of five. I could get the whole five.' I scoffed and he went to work. I'm telling you this so you can understand what's happening and give him a lift if he needs it. I can't start with having him try to beat himself, but we'll get there. Just give us a hand."

A clear idea of what he wants to do, the will to do it, a helping hand for the hard place, and the boy wins.

§ 15. *THINKING*

Bob was doing his algebra as usual. That is, it was the usual time for the lesson and he was doing the usual thing, sitting with his head on his hand, his book open, his papers scattered before him, still as a frozen rabbit.

"What you doing, Bob?"

"Thinking."

I subsided for a few minutes. Bob continued motionless. The hands of the clock were moving ahead but no figures appeared on the yellow sheets spread on the table, no hint of activity from the thoughtful student.

"But, Bob, what are you thinking?"

"This example. I can't do it. I told the teacher I couldn't so she said I was to take it home and think about it. So I'm thinking about it."

"Then a good way would be to put down what you had thought so far, wouldn't it?"

Bob raised his head in amazement. "How can you put down what you think? You think with your head."

"True. And you write with your hands and your head. Why not?"

So with great pains I induced the apostle of thought to put down the first proposition and to think aloud on it while he traced his thoughts on paper. Little by little it made itself clear, and the problem was clear.

"O, I didn't know that was what you meant by thinking. I thought when you thought you had to keep still and do it in your head. And nothing came into my head," said the relieved Bob, gathering up his scattered tools of knowledge and making his way toward bed.

It isn't much use to tell children to think about something they know nothing about. There must be a point to take

hold of and then they must be taught to take that point out and look at it carefully and see what follows it and where it is leading to.

Children mistake dreaming for thinking. It is very easy for them to deceive themselves into thinking they are doing a fine job when they are really doing nothing but indulging themselves in a saunter about the pleasant pastures of their imagination.

Teach them to think with a tool in their hand. The thought that cannot be expressed either in speech or action is too feeble ever to be born.

§ 16. *AS A SURGEON*

THERE must be some very hard moments in the lives of surgeons. With all their training and in spite of their technique they must now and then suffer at the thought of the distress of the people they serve. Not so much the patient. The surgeon is inspired by the knowledge that he is going to help him. He can pass over the patient's side of the story in more or less ease of mind. But he must suffer underneath all his calm, still manner when he hears the mothers crying and the grandmothers pleading. If he dared he would stay his hand and say, "He's all right. Good-by," just to see them smile. As it is he clips off his words, wipes the feeling off his face and says, "Tomorrow at ten."

I know it must be so because it is that way with a teacher who has to deal with wayward children. Says the teacher, "He has neglected his work and must lose his place. He cannot keep what he has not earned. He must go down a grade."

"I'm taking Steven off the team. He broke training. I'd suggest that he be deprived of any evening engagements except one a week during the week-end. He's losing his head over the girls and their dancing."

"Ben is smoking cigarettes. We think it is not safe for a boy of his age to do that. It takes him into the society of young men who are anything but a good pattern. He has too much money. Take it from him and if he wants any more let him earn it and make him use it for his own needs. Money will ruin him. Give him no more than you can help."

Now the teacher is not quite like the surgeon, because the real operation has to be carried on by the parents

more often than not. The parent has not the courage to cut down into the happy heart of the lad and take out the thing that is doing the harm. The lad will suffer.

True. No child ever grew into manhood or womanhood without that element in his education. Most of us liked what was not good for us. Most of us cherished the very things that were bound to make us suffer in the end—suffer with the added bitterness of the knowledge that had our parents and teachers set their teeth and steadied their hands and cut down, we might have been spared the handicap of a pain from which there is now no escape.

Parents and teachers need courage. Courage comes from a sense of sureness. We tremble only when we are in doubt. Once we know, once we test our faith and our power, there is no more hesitation, no more fear.

If then we study the children and study the ways and the means by which they may be saved from the danger that threatens them because of their love of pleasure and ease as yet undisciplined by stern experience, we can help them.

You see the first step is self-discipline, then knowledge, then faith, out of which grows courage.

§ 17. *HIM THAT HATH*

Bradford sat near the front of the room within speaking distance of the teacher's desk. He was a slender, graceful lad with a handsome face lighted by beautiful, dark eyes that reflected every shifting mood—eloquent eyes that told their story before the need of speech could be felt.

His hands were slim, quick-moving messengers of a keen, swift mind. It was a pleasure to watch their sure direction of the pen that wrote the weekly composition—so cool, so deft, so certain. The teacher's set face lost some of its tension as her eyes rested on the star pupil.

Michael, stodgy, freckled, blundering, saw the look and his warm, moist hands grew warmer and wetter and he squirmed in his seat. His movement drew the attention of the teacher and instantly the smile left her eyes and the drawn, hard-set look took its place. For an instant they looked at each other, the dullest boy in the composition class and the skilled teacher.

The boy grew hotter and more uncomfortable, his pen slid from his fumbling fingers and rolled across the sheet leaving a pathway of short black marks much like a railroad as it appears on the surveyor's map. The teacher pointed to the neat pile of paper on the desk. The finger looked like an icicle to the sweating lad who stumbled up the aisle at its summons and took another sheet of paper. "Better make it two," she said, without changing the evenness of her cold tone or altering a line on her face.

Michael took one sheet of paper and turned to go to his seat and caught, as he did so a smile of understanding pass between the teacher and the star pupil. The red surged to his ears and dyed them almost purple and for an instant he hesitated, then went on to his seat in the shad-

owed corner, his jaw set and the nice clean sheet crumpled in his hand.

The star pupil finished his paper long before Michael who always finished last, and the teacher took it and read it over swiftly, exchanging pleasant talk with the writer who leaned familiarly over her shoulder. When all the papers were in, Michael slipped his under the bottom of the pile. He had done his poor best. He knew that it was poor but he couldn't bear to have the teacher look at it and tell him so just then. Besides the teacher was busy with those who had written good stories and knew it. That evening she would take a pen full of red ink and make little balloons—floating phrases like "Too detailed," "This is confused?" "Not clear," "Wrong word," over Michael's scarred battle ground.

It happens that way so often in school. To him that hath shall be given—praise and smiles and help and good-fellowship—but to him that hath not shall be given as little as possible of human contact. The "Haths" go on from glory unto glory but the "Hath Nots" are thrown into outer darkness.

The school organization is to blame in the beginning. The "Haths" ought to be given a wider field for their activities and a teacher who will keep them up to their possibilities without spoiling them, and the "Hath Nots" ought to have a teacher who has understanding and plenty of time to exercise it. There's many a fine soul choking to death in the back seat who might soar if the teacher understood and had the chance to help.

§ 18. *MORAL TRAINING*

"WHAT the children need is moral training." "Teach right ideals, clear thinking, right living." From all sides comes the demand, "Teach morality."

Often the plea arises from a fear not quite defined. Sometimes it is a plea from a mother whose child is going wrong. At times it is the cry of the propagandist or the insinuation of the faddist. But repeatedly it comes from the earnest teacher who feels that the children are not getting an essential quality of their education.

"We are here primarily to teach for character building. The results are not the best. Give us something that will feed the starving souls of our children."

"You may read a short selection from the Bible every morning but of course make no comment upon it."

"Emphasize the great and good men whose lives are examples for youth. Emulation is the thing."

"Here is a code of morality. We have worked it down to the finest point. There are ninety-two points to be checked up. Let the children rate themselves on this standard."

But the thoughtful teacher is merely dismayed at this array of moral mechanics. She knows that the way does not lie there. She says sadly, "Book morality does not seem to get down very deep."

Book morality never did. Man's salvation lies in his hands. To make an idea real, to make it part of a child's being it must go in by way of his ten fingers. Character was never formed by talking. It is always made through doing something.

If you would teach a little child to love and protect the birds you may tell him all the beautiful stories your mind

will hold. That will interest him mildly but it won't make him alive to the bird question.

But after you have told him about the bluebird and have him all worked up about his beauty and his usefulness and his daily danger from death in the form of cats or sparrows or what not, just let him crystallize that emotion in the building of a house for the bird of his heart and see what happens.

When he has sawed and hammered and nailed and pulled apart and put together again; when he has hammered his thumb and blistered his hands and skinned his knees in the doing of it; when at last he sees his tenants move in and occupy the house of his labors, bird protection has become a clear notion for him. He has "seen it plain."

You can't teach morality by preaching. The child has to do something about it. Every clean-cut job he executes is a fine lesson in morality whether it is building a bird house or sharpening a pencil. "Do it and do it right," will teach more morality in an hour than a lifetime of talking. Put it in through his hands.

§ 19. *HEALTH*

Let's teach our children health. To some folk the idea that health can be taught to a child is absurd but to the doctor and the teacher and the experienced parent it is common sense.

You do not believe that you ever teach your child the habit of ill health? Perhaps you don't. Maybe you never are guilty of doing anything like this? Some folk are, though, and they do a great deal of harm to themselves and their unfortunate children.

The youngster rises and dresses cheerfully and is about to sit down to breakfast when he sneezes. You instantly set down the bowl of porridge and hasten anxiously to his side.

"Have you a cold? Are you sure? Here, come over to the light and let me see. Your eyes are a little red. Yes, and you're sniffing, too. Does your throat hurt when you swallow? No? Try again and be sure. Well, maybe I'd better keep you home for the day and see.

"Who sits beside you? Betty? Well, her mother isn't any too careful. Did the teacher open the windows yesterday? She did? I thought so. I'll write her a note and ask her if she can't be a little bit more careful. I can't have you laid up with a cold every other week like this."

Now the child, almost convinced that there is something the matter feels for his handkerchief and blows his nose hard, opens his mouth like a thirsting fish and asks for the "bilk." You pass it to him while you carry on a running debate with yourself as to whether you ought to give him aspirin, put him to bed, or wait until noon to see how things turn out. While you write the note to the teacher

the child forgets his troubles and eats his breakfast and rises blithely to set out for school.

But you bring up a fresh suggestion. "Now hurry right along to school. Don't play in the yard; go right to the classroom and be sure to hand the note to the teacher the very first thing. You must not get into a draught to-day."

He takes the note and the suggestion of illness and sets off to school for a bad day. He loses the play his body needs. He loses the fresh air he must have if he is not to starve physically and mentally. He loses the happy intercourse with his teacher whose mind is shut against him for the day because you suggested that she had been very careless when she had really been most careful. And she knows that there isn't a thing the matter with the child except the suggestion of illness.

There is enough trouble in this world for the children without manufacturing any. Few children escape illness during their school life. Then all the more reason why we should by every means in our power teach them health. The child whose mind is pitched toward health will be the last child to accept illness. His healthy body will throw it off quickly.

A child should be unconscious of his body. The less said about its health the better, but any suggestion that is made should be on the side of health and success and happiness. Health is largely a matter of habit and habit is formed largely on the practice of a powerful suggestion.

§ 20. *THE SCHOOL PRODUCT*

WHAT do we expect our schools to do for our children? What are the ideals we hope they will carry over to the children? Surely we are not blindly sending our children through them without a glimpse of what they are visioning for them and through them? Surely we do not accept the curriculum content as the full product?

Reading and writing and the things they add unto themselves are the tools by which the children may, later, educate themselves further than they have succeeded in doing in the schools. They are a good in themselves but they are far from being the only, or the chief, good.

We expect that the schools will have a lasting effect for good on the characters of the children that pass through them. But what is the effect that will satisfy us? Are we in earnest about having it or are we just salving our consciences with the ritual of education?

We would like to think that our children will come out of the schools with open minds. That, we believe, is essential to good citizenship. Americans should have that sense of fair play that holds back the final judgment until all the evidence is in for both sides. We like to believe that our people hold a questioning, honest questioning attitude toward any subject that happens to come under discussion.

Is the school pitched toward open-mindedness? Or does the board of trustees render decisions as to what is to be thought and, therefore, upon what is to be taught in the schools? Unless the teacher has an open mind, a mind upon which no loud authority can slam the door, there will be no open-minded product from the school.

There ought to be, we are convinced, a singleness of

purpose evinced by the school. Each child ought to be imbued with the notion that he is in school to serve his own need first, the need to develop every potential quality of himself to its fullest, that he may, in the end, serve others.

Has your school that singleness of purpose or has it other ends in view such as reaching the district average in spelling and arithmetic or winning the medal at the county contest, or even getting the principal or superintendent a better job? The children will feel it if this is so.

Is your school full of confidence? Is everybody in it, teacher and child alike, going about his business with a sureness that comes from the knowledge of your support and approval? Or is there doubt and fear and mistrust because somebody wants somebody's job? Confidence begets confidence and confidence means faith. Unless the children have faith in their school and faith in their teachers they have none with which to face the world outside the school.

It is necessary now and again to seriously evaluate the school and search for the reason why the values are not true. What the school stands for, that will its children be. We believe it should stand for open-mindedness, singleness of purpose, and confidence in mankind.

Guiding Principles

> We educate a child in order that he may be prepared to live a normally satisfactory life for himself and may contribute his full share to the progress and betterment of mankind.—Smith, *Education Moves Ahead*

To "live a normally satisfactory life" in the complex environment of to-day is no simple affair. Many attempts have been made to summarize the fundamentals of preparation for such living. These minimum fundamentals have been variously stated. Surely one must include in such a list health, vocational, moral, and character training. Aesthetic, mental, and social training are necessary if an individual is to be happy.

The method of obtaining these qualities has been and is still in the process of changing. Memory training has been superseded by activity and participation. We only "know" that which affects our living, our behavior. Our idea of essentials is very different to-day from what it was a generation or even less ago. The task of the home and the school is to direct activities; to permit as well as to make opportunity for self-development. Real education comes from within. Too long we have treated education as a "pouring in" process. The all-important purpose of education is to bring out the potential powers of boys and girls through activities suited to their needs, and natures. There is no single formula for this procedure. Children are born "bound and unequal." More and more we are making education natural, a developing of one's fullest capacity. This can be accomplished only by fitting the procedure to the needs and possibilities of the individual. Every one must needs be trained to his fullest capacity.

In a democracy, citizenship is of paramount importance. Present-day education is training *in* and *for* citizenship in the fullest meaning.

Problems

1. Make a list of all the aims for which our schools of to-day are working.
2. How have our ideas changed toward the purposes of education during recent years?
3. Can you account for the vast increase in responsibility on the part of the school in training the child?
4. What are some of the points in a child's training and development which are the responsibilities basically of the home? How may the school assist the home?
5. Would you accept "training in citizenship" as the inclusive aim of the schools? If so, why? If not, what are your objections?
6. In what way are our schools allowing for individuality? For expression? For initiative?
7. How do we reconcile individuality with the needs of society? Is education a duty or a privilege?
8. How does education provide for the varying abilities of individuals?

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Part Two

Body and Health: The Child's Physical Nature

§ 1. *BLUE RIBBONERS*

THERE were published the pictures of two blue ribboners in the picture supplements the other day. Fine wee thoroughbreds they looked, too, and not at all set up by their honors. In fact they did not seem to know what to do with the silver cups they held in their hands and gave every evidence of longing to run away and go on with their play. They appeared to advantage on the sheet that showed the prize-winning puppies and colts and chickens. The usual prize winners seemed to think they had done something to be proud of but the children could not see that they had and rather wondered what it was all about.

But their mothers who were superbly proud knew and the judges who had bestowed the awards knew that something very much worth while had been accomplished. The American people were wakening to the idea that it was just as important, just as sporting, just as sane to develop high-class children as it was to breed high-class animals. Here was a group of highly intelligent people seriously weighing and measuring and testing children exactly as judges have measured and weighed and counted points for the spoiled pets of the ring and the paddock and the kennel.

How tall should a little boy three years old be? How much should he weigh? What texture has his skin and his hair? What quality has his eye? What grip to his hands? What lightness to his step? What is good form for a little three-year-old boy? Or girl? If you don't know you will not be able to help them make it. There are experts who are very anxious to tell you and direct you as to the best way of securing the highest development for your children. If there is none in your city or state—which I

doubt, for child culture is assuming its rightful status in every community in the land—there is one at Washington and the people there have the knowledge and the desire to send it throughout the nation.

We have not worked to interest people in raising blue-ribbon children to anything like the extent we might have done. We have taken for granted that people knew all about bringing up their children and did not need information about it half as much as they needed to know how to raise high-grade plants and animals. Of course that is not true. Neither is it true that the people are more interested in breeding animals than they are in breeding fine children. Fine children were taken for granted. But the sooner we begin bringing up the grade of children to the prize-winning standard the better for all of us. Select healthy parents of good character and then attend strictly to the rules. Learn about food and exercise and air and water and sleeping and grooming and treatment of babies and try to turn out a blue-ribbon product.

If mothers in the tenement house district of a frightfully congested district can accomplish the miracle, the mothers of the open country should be able to give them a good race. I am hopeful of living to see "Blue-Ribbon Babies" stamped on my mail some morning.

§ 2. *CLEAN MOUTHS*

"SCARCELY two children in a class have clean mouths." So the nurse of a large city school reported. "The smaller the children the worse their teeth. Nobody seems to pay any attention to them."

Judging by what the teachers and nurses in these schools say, unclean teeth are the rule. And we are priding ourselves on the care we are giving the health of the children.

The teacher of one of the lower grades took a little boy to the nurse and said, "He is nine years old; ten inches short of the standard height and thirty pounds under weight. What's to be done? Look at his mouth."

There wasn't a sound or a clean tooth in the poor child's mouth. When we sent him to a dentist he sent him back with the statement that he couldn't take the time to treat him. It would cost more than he could collect for the job.

We could see the dentist's side of the story. It would take hours and hours of patient work to put that set of teeth in order and the patient would make those hours longer and harder by his attitude of protest. Yet if the child is to grow up into any kind of a working citizen his mouth should be cleaned up. As he stands he is not getting anywhere. Neither the food he eats nor the lessons he gets are nourishing him. He is a dead loss to the town every way you take him.

Decaying teeth are leaking into the mouths of these children and so poisoning the food they eat. A glance at their mouths will make any dentist shudder. Yet nothing is done.

Permanent molars are pulled out and the chewing sur-

face of the teeth is reduced accordingly because parents do not know or will not listen to the fact that they can never be replaced and that the child's food will not give him the proper nourishment because of the lack. "The tooth is decayed, pull it out," and that's the end of it.

Sick children are a dead loss to the schools and no child with an unclean mouth is a well child. Wouldn't it be cheaper to install a dental hygienist in the schools and have her keep the little children's teeth in order so that by the time their permanent teeth come in they will come in good shape and the child will know how to care for them?

Once they have arrived the dentist, who very naturally shrinks from the care of little children's teeth, can take hold and do his job. If the dental hygienist gets a chance to do her work well the dentist will have much less to do with youngsters. Incidentally she will very soon pay her way in terms of time saved for school children and doctor's bills cut down because of healthy, well nourished children who throw off disease instead of incubating it in unclean mouths.

When a child takes one childish disorder after another, or seems to stop growing physically or mentally, if he is complaining and whining about nothing and everything, look at his teeth. If the dentist won't help, find the dental hygienist. She will.

§ 3. *THE LAZY BOY*

"Will you please tell me what to do with a boy who is so lazy that he will not study? Nothing that we can do, and we have tried about everything, seems to have the right effect. We've rewarded him and punished him and deprived him of things and ignored him—all to no purpose.

"We have given and we have withheld. We have been harsh and we have been gentle. But the end is the same. He will not study. He will play but he will not try to learn.

"He is eleven and all his life he has been subject to sick spells. He is now out of school because of ill health. He is tall and looks very intelligent. He must have an education but between his illness and his laziness there seems to be little possibility of his gaining any. What can one do with a lazy boy?"

You see he is a sick boy. No normal, healthy child is lazy. He may have long stretches where he dislikes to exert himself at all during adolescence, but a child of eleven is sick if he is lazy. This child is sick. His own mother says so.

What is to be done with a sick child? The very first thing that comes to your mind is, "Why, make him well. What good is his education, what use is life to him unless he is well?"

And his mother will say exactly the same thing. Just as soon as we say, "But the child must first be well before he can follow school routine. His health is far more important than any lesson we can give him now," she will say "Yes. But the boy must be educated."

She says, "Yes," in a gasping hurry to get to the next and

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the uppermost thought in her mind, "He must get an education." He must get the stuff out of the books or perish.

Even when children are ill, confined to their beds with a doctor in daily attendance the mothers write or call up or come in and see us to ask for lessons for the children.

When a child is ill the first thing to do for him is to get him on his feet again. The school lessons will keep. He will make them up when he is strong again.

But the boy or girl who is ailing and always will be ailing? The school is not for them. But they must get an education? Truly. They must and a fine one. Is there no education save in the school? The school was built only to save time and money and energy for the community. The individual child may still get a fine education outside its walls. The sick child must.

"Robert Louis," beloved by children wherever the English tongue is spoken and in some places where it is not, was a sick child. He lay on the sand wrapped in his blanket and drank in the beauty of the sky and the sea. He stored up the memories of the sun and the wind and the salt sea spray, he cherished each experience that came, pain or joy or sorrow, work or play, and in the workshop of his mind they became stories that carried hope and strength to a generation.

Treasures lie buried in the minds of the sick children. Have faith and hold fast.

§ 4. *WHEN HOME IS THE PLACE*

Miss Lavinia began the morning story. "There was a good man named Noah, and the. . . ."

"Huh—huh—huh—" plump little Minnie coughed. Miss Lavinia stopped and waited.

"And the Lord said to Noah. . . ."

"Huh—huh—huh—huh—" Minnie had a powerful voice and she lifted it in a rasping cough.

"I think you would better go down stairs, Minnie, and get a drink and see if that cough will go away. Don't hurry back, Minnie. Rest until the cough has quite gone." The door closed and Miss Lavinia continued her interrupted story.

Number lesson followed. By this time Minnie's cough had subsided into a few smothered chokes. She started work with the others.

"Now children we will take up the new table we promised you. Fours. Everybody may lay out a set of. . . ."

"Huh—huh—huh—huh—" Minnie had begun again.

This time Miss Lavinia did not wait. She went to the closet, took down her sugar bowl and gave Minnie a lump of sugar. Minnie started crunching it and the class went on with the four table.

"Now we have them all laid out, who could. . . ."

"Huh—huh—huh—hoo—whoop." Minnie had commenced hostilities again. Miss Lavinia surrendered.

"Minnie, take this slip up to the nurse please," and Miss Lavinia filled out the official slip for the nurse and handed it to Minnie. Half way to the door Minnie choked, and began the familiar Huh—huh—huh—and returned the sugar that Miss Lavinia had so generously treated her to.

"O, why did I give a sick child sugar?" moaned Miss

Lavinia. "Now I have to take the class out of the room and wait until it is cleaned and aired before they can return. Why didn't that child's mother keep her in the house?"

"Minnie," very severely, "take that slip to the nurse and take your hat and coat with you."

Later there came a note to Miss Lavinia that made her look grim. "So sorry," it read, "that Minnie was ill in school. I knew she was not well this morning and I knew too, that if she was no better you would send her home. I think she has the whooping cough."

"I'm sure of it," muttered Miss Lavinia.

§ 5. *COMFORTABLE FEET*

What makes a young girl think that a stub-toed, ill-balanced shoe is pretty? Maybe she doesn't think it is pretty. Perhaps it is just stylish. And why does she love to come to school in dress shoes? Can't she see that a satin dancing shoe is in bad taste in school? Can't she understand that velvet slippers are lovely in a ballroom and impossibly ugly in a schoolroom? Wouldn't you think she would like to have comfortable feet?

A complaining foot can do more mischief than a boy with a popgun. Really. He might bruise you a bit, might even puncture your skin or break a window. Any of these dire happenings carry no great measure of disaster. But an aching throbbing foot?

It begins sending out little tendrils of pain. Finding nothing to fasten to and rest upon it sends out ripples of pain that flow up to the ankle and make walking a heaviness and an evil thing. Then it begins sending up sharp flashes of fire that numb the leg from heel to knee. There is anger in the pain, fierce, hot, revengeful.

A dull ache steals into the head and thinking becomes an irritation and then an affront. There is no margin of reserve now, the steady ache and the angry pain have long ago used it up and patience and politeness and even dignity vanish and hysterics set in enthusiastically. The world is on fire, let it burn. All because a shoe pinches.

Girls who wear ill-fitting shoes lose standing in school. Comfortable feet are necessary if the brain is to work without waste or strain. When the teacher called the girl to the blackboard she couldn't put her mind on the problem because it was on the pain in her instep and try as she might she could not master the situation. Then she cried.

She went home and told her mother that the teacher was mean and that geometry was too hard anyway and that she was going to leave school. Jean Miller had left school and was working in the canning factory, in the office, and she could get a job too.

If her troubled mother had had her take off that shoe and had seen the red marks it had left across the toes and the instep and had seen the lines under the child's eyes and about her mouth, she would have held the key to the difficulty.

There are such pretty shoes for girls to wear these days. They have beautiful lines and fine workmanship. They are made to fit and there is no excuse for a girl's wearing an ill-made shoe or an inappropriate one. There is no reason why she should damage her health and threaten her success by crippling her body in this senseless way.

Can't mothers and fathers look sharply at the feet of the children, especially junior girls, and make sure that they are comfortable?

§ 6. *UNDERCLOTHES*

Every time Miss Jennie looked down at Bernice she was wiggling about in her seat like an eel. Every time she called on her, which was often that morning for Bernice had attracted attention to herself to a marked degree, there was no answer.

"Bernice, you may take the pointer and point to each word as I call somebody to say it," said Miss Jenny. "That will make her stay on the job," thought the teacher. "She hasn't done a cent's worth of work this morning."

Up the aisle came Bernice hunching herself and grabbing a handful of skirt as she came. She began pointing but because, just as she placed the stick on the word she would hitch in another direction, the performance could scarcely be called a success.

"I'm not only wasting time with her but I'm using the time of the rest," crossed the teacher's mind. "But there must be something the matter with the child. She wouldn't squirm like this for nothing."

So the class were set to work at their word cards and Miss Jennie took Bernice into the dressing room and asked her where she was most uncomfortable.

"I'm all over uncomfortable," she confided brightly. "My union suit is so small and it's cutting me."

Miss Jennie investigated and found the taped edges of the under garment cutting into the child's shoulders. "The thing didn't fit anywhere and I can't see how she ever got into it. It had shrunk and was all out of shape. Of course the child couldn't sit still. I took my scissors and snipped wherever the thing was binding the child and she was like an angel for the rest of the day."

That was an accident because her mother is very partic-

ular. The youngster picked the wrong suit and her mother didn't happen along to see it. But so many mothers put all the attention on the outside clothes and almost none on the inside. Some of the children are in constant dread of losing some of their clothes because the buttons are off and they have pins in their stead. And pins fall out. Some of them have their underwear tied on—the ends of the bands slipped through the buttonholes and knotted. The knots press into the tender little bodies and make the children uneasy and uncomfortable and fretful.

Stockings don't receive half as much care as they ought in many instances. Sometimes they have fallen into holes but because the legs—the parts that show—are all right the children are sent along only to waste hours of school time in registering their foot discomfort. Often the mending is worse than the hole. Bunches of thread drawing the edges together form grinding lumps that put blisters on the hapless children's feet.

Make the children easy from the skin out. Clean, smooth, loose underwear with well gartered stockings will give them a sense of well being that is bound to ease up every task they face for the day.

§ 7. *THE TEACHER KNOWS*

It was a clear blue morning in October. Hoar frost trimmed the fallen brown leaves and edged the fence rails and lay like a fairy robe over the brown heads of the roadside weeds. One tolerant lazy smile from the stay-abed sun and the silvery magic was gone.

The second-reader class trooped into their big sunny room. The janitor had "made a little heat to take the morning chill off." The room was comfortably warm and the children peeled off their sweaters and caps and hung them in their places.

All but chubby little Minnie. She walked to her seat wearing her rose-colored sweater. Her mother had knitted it for her and she was very proud of it. Perhaps mother was, too, for when Miss Lavinia said, "Minnie, you forgot to take off your sweater," Minnie said, with an air of superior virtue, "O, no. Mother wants me to wear it."

"Not in the classroom, I'm sure. You wear it on the way to school and home again and in the yards, but not in the warm schoolroom."

"Yes. My mother said it was cool to-day and I'd better wear my sweater all day. I told her you didn't let us wear them and she said to tell you."

Miss Lavinia was very careful to respect the authority of the mothers so she said no more but gave Minnie a note at noon time. The reply came promptly. "Yes, I want Minnie to wear her sweater in the classroom. I'm afraid she will take cold. She is subject to them. She is so delicate that I have to take extra precaution."

So Minnie wore her sweater and when the class went to the yards to play she had no extra wrap. The second-year class played earnestly. When they answered the bell

at the end of recess they were thoroughly warmed up. Minnie was very warm. She went home for lunch. All afternoon she wore her sweater. She joined in the games of the afternoon recess as heartily as she had in the morning.

The second day was like the first and Minnie still wore her sweater. Miss Lavinia talked about wearing clothes for indoors and clothes for outdoors. Talked about the danger of being very warm and going into the open air without extra wraps. The second-year class listened gravely and with an air of conscious virtue. "They took off their sweaters. Let those that didn't take heed."

Minnie was well aware of the situation. She knew perfectly well that there was a difference of opinion between the teacher and her mother and enjoyed it. Backed by one's mother one may dare much in the second reader and Minnie played harder and hugged her sweater tighter.

The third day Minnie showed unmistakable signs of distress. Her eyes were closing and her nose had almost disappeared in a crease between two puffy cheeks. She laid her head down on the desk and gave way to tears. Miss Lavinia sent her home.

Better let the teacher have charge of the child while he is in the classroom. She is there and you are not. She knows what ought to be done and it is better that you let her do it.

§ 8. *TEA AND COFFEE*

The children were visiting their aunt in the country. They had come from the city where the milkman had left the milk on the waiter every morning before they were up. Cream was something that you bought sparingly and used stingily on your cereal and coffee.

Here the milk came in cows. Somebody drove them in from the pasture and milked them and the foaming pails were carried into the spring house. In the morning big pitchers of it appeared on the table and little pitchers of cream stood about waiting for you to empty them on your porridge.

Strange to say the children did not want to drink the milk or use the cream. "I don't like to drink milk," said the little girl. "I always have coffee in the morning."

"Me, too," said the boy. "I never drink milk. I always have coffee. Milk is for babies. Men have coffee. My father drinks coffee and I drink coffee."

"Isn't that too bad?" said auntie, cheerfully. "We never have any coffee. We always have milk. Sometimes we have a cup of coffee made for the poor old stableman on a cold night. But for us, we never drink it.

"Young folk like your uncle and me would never think of it. We'd hate to spoil our stomachs with the old black stuff."

"Does Uncle Henry drink milk?"

"Watch him when he comes in. He has been out on the fields since four o'clock. He's coming in for his breakfast now. He drank a quart of milk before he started and he will drink another one now. And he's no baby."

"I'll say so," said the boy, admiringly.

The family gathered around the table. The children

made a brave effort to drink the milk but it was hard work. They were both too modest to ask for the coffee when it was not served on the table. But they missed it woefully. They longed for home and the coffeepot.

After breakfast the aunt and uncle held a conference. "Shall I give them the coffee?" asked the troubled aunt. "I do want them to have a good time and their mother was particular to say she did not want them to have either coffee or tea. She wanted them to get out of the way of it."

"Stick it out," said the uncle stoutly. "If they don't see it they will forget about it. Keep the milk in front of them and they will soon learn to drink it. Especially if they get nothing else. Don't weaken. Too bad you have to go without your own cup of tea," and his eyes twinkled.

When the cool days of September came and the little girl and boy were getting ready for home they had grown round and red and cheerful. They waited eagerly, each with his cup, for the cows to bring in the milk. They wanted it with the foam on it.

"Easy," said uncle. "What the eye doesn't see, the heart doesn't grieve for."

§ 9. *NERVOUS CHILDREN*

"I'd LIKE to have you speak to Carry's teacher. She sent a report card home with very unsatisfactory marks on it. I've been to see her several times and it isn't the slightest good. I'd like you to talk to her."

"What's the trouble?"

"My daughter is a very nervous child," said the lady with an air of pointing toward something extraordinary in her daughter. "I've told the teacher that she mustn't expect to hold her to the standards of the other children but it's no use. She marks her just the same. Now you can't make all children alike. You must make exceptions once in a while."

"Of course. What exceptions did you want the teacher to make for your Carry?"

"Well, you see Carry has always been delicate and cannot get up early in the morning. She is late for school every day and the teacher won't make any allowance for her. She——"

"Are you serious in saying that your daughter is late for school every day?"

"Why yes. I never waken her in the morning if she is asleep. I let her have her sleep out. She is a very nervous child."

"How old is she? What's the matter with her? Why can't she rise early?"

"She's just past twelve and very delicate. There's nothing serious the matter with her. She's just nervous."

"Then there's nothing the matter with her at all. If she was so nervous that she could not rise and get to school in the morning she would be in the hospital under the doctor's care. What time does she go to bed?"

"She never goes to bed until I go. She's so nervous that she cannot think of going to bed and leaving me sitting up. I generally get to bed by eleven."

"Then all Carry needs is to be sent to bed on time. She isn't nervous. All she needs is a regular bedtime. Send her to school on time. We will hold you accountable for her lateness."

The schools are full of "nervous" children. "Nervous" covers a multitude of sins visited by the parents upon the heads of their children.

"Jacky isn't a naughty boy. He pinches the others but he is a very nervous child and they annoy him."

"Mabel fails in her lessons because the teacher makes her nervous."

"Yes, Clarice is very disobedient. She is that way at home. But she has always been a delicate child and I couldn't punish her."

Nonsense. These children aren't "nervous." They are spoiled. Never use the word before them, much less to them. A nervous child should be in the hospital having his nervous system trained. The lazy and the mischievous and the disobedient need discipline for their health's sake. Try it.

§ 10. *THE ADOLESCENT*

A HEALTHY, happy child is never lazy, so if you happen across a lazy child make up your mind that there is something wrong and that you intend to find out just what it is before you stop searching.

In children under twelve the nose and throat condition needs to be examined. If a child has not sufficient breath to keep his blood stream clean his brain is dull and his body lags along on leaden feet. Have that looked into at once. Be sure the kidneys are doing their work and that his digestion and his diet are in harmony. Then go ahead and set him a job and see that he does it.

But the great crop of lazy ones comes in the adolescent period. After fourteen the boys are likely to slow up and for the next four years a lot of them are too lazy to do anything they can get any one else to do for them. They are especially averse to using their brains and any concentration is positive pain. Everybody concentrates his attention on the lazy one and he dodges us all. He insists upon being left to his repose.

How far shall we let him have his lazy way? How far is it safe? That is determined by his physical state. The doctor will have to go over him every six months and make sure his organs are in healthy state. His diet and digestion must be guarded and above all, his nervous energy must be spared. But he is not to be permitted to degenerate, a result most likely if he is not judiciously prodded along.

Keep him in school even when he brings you report cards that look like a bloody battlefield so thick are the red-ink spatters. He must be disciplined impersonally and he must follow a routine of work and play and rest and there is no safer and no better place for him than a good school.

Be satisfied if for the years between sixteen and nineteen he gives you a passing mark. That is a great accomplishment for the lazy child.

For you must know that he is usually lazy because his energy is drained toward his new growth. Every organ and every nerve in his body is working overtime and there is little force left for study. There is about enough to carry him through school if he conserves it well, but if he wastes any on late dances and cigarettes and wild student scrimmages, he will fall flat.

Hold the lazy boy to his task. Hoist him out of bed with a Big Ben in the morning; trim down his school schedule to its essentials and don't let him miss a lesson. You will work harder for these three years than ever you did in your life before and you will apparently get less for it in proportion to your effort. But don't be discouraged. Nothing you put into a boy or a girl is ever lost. It is like the bread on the waters. It will come back after many days.

Be merciful and do not compare him with his brilliant sister. She will hold her lead over him for a brief span of time only and it is not wise to sow the seeds of bitterness between them. Just prod him along cheerfully.

§ 11. *GETTING READY FOR SCHOOL*

Have you a child that you expect to send to school next term? If you have will you please get him ready now?

First have the best doctor for children that you can find examine him. Have him weighed and measured. Have his eyes and nose and throat examined. Have his hearing tested. Please do this even if you are sure he is all right.

If the doctor advises treatment for him of course you will see that he gets it.

If he has not been vaccinated and the law requires, as it does in New York, that he must be, have it done now.

It is cruel to enter a child in school and then have him vaccinated. He is sick. His arm hurts. Instead of being in the best possible condition to begin the greatest experience of his early life, he is unfitted at the start.

A vaccinated arm or leg is likely to be hurt in the playground or even in the classroom. Have the vaccination out of the way before the child begins work in the fall.

If the child has to be fitted with glasses, have it done now. The child needs to become adjusted to the new glasses. He cannot wear them with comfort for some time. There is so much that he has to meet in the first few days of school that it is too bad to add anything to it. Let him have time to get used to his glasses.

Tonsils that are too big or diseased should be removed under the expert care of the surgeon. The child's health is dependent upon a clean throat. The school is a place of congregation—of children and germs, germs, germs. All the neighborhood germs gather there. A clean throat will go far toward insurance against infection.

Adenoids should not be tolerated. They are a foreign growth and can only do harm. They are a distinct menace

to the growing body and mind. They make the most intelligent child take on the manner and expression of the imbecile. Out with them.

Collect all the certificates that you need to present for entrance. The birth certificate is a helpful document. If you cannot present one it is a misfortune. Sometimes the baptismal certificate will do instead.

Have the vaccination certificate properly filled out. It should set forth that the child has been successfully vaccinated. Successfully.

Then put the papers where you will find them again.

§ 12. *ASTONISHING*

"The third girl in the second row," whispered the nurse to the teacher, "see, she keeps her mouth open and lurches forward. She ought to go up to the doctor's office and be examined for adenoids."

"She's a nice little thing but not at all bright," said the teacher. "I'll send her up."

The doctor gave the child a slip to take to her mother. Her mother read it. "Adenoids and hypertrophied tonsils. Ought to be taken out as soon as possible."

"Hm-m. Well, I'm not going to have anything done to you. Just tell the teacher and the nurse and any one else that asks you. They ought to mind their own business. You'll have no operation," and she squeezed the note into a ball and tossed it into a basket.

So Peggie went on to school and had "nothing done to her." A heavy rainstorm set in and she caught cold. It lasted for days and days. Her eyes were sore and her throat was sore. She breathed hard and coughed steadily. Of course she was absent from school.

She returned after a time and tried to catch up with her class but she felt tired and weak and the lessons were so hard. The teacher sent a note home.

"Peggie is falling behind the class. She needs extra help for the work she lost if she is to go ahead with her class. Her promotion is doubtful."

A teacher was called in and Peggie tried to catch up. She gained a little. Then another storm with a sharp, cold wind laid her up with tonsillitis.

"It's too bad you didn't have the child's tonsils removed," said the doctor. "She'll have this trouble right

along. Her tonsils are diseased and will make trouble until they are taken out.

"Very bad, very bad. I'll do what I can do to fix her up now but you must have this attended to as soon as possible."

Again Peggie recovered and again she returned to school. But she had fallen hopelessly behind in her work.

"I regret to inform you that Peggie has failed and must repeat the grade," read the report that arrived at the end of the term.

"Now what do you think of that?" asked the mother in disgust. "That's just spite. Just because I wouldn't have that child operated upon they wouldn't promote her. I'll have her transferred to another school. That's all the good it will do them."

Now what do you think of that? Astonishing.

§ 13. *NAIL BITERS*

Why do children bite their nails? Because their minds are troubled or their fingers hurt.

I rather think that when the first men and women on earth hurt their fingers with the stones and tree branches they handled in their daily labors, they put their fingers in their mouths to comfort them.

You see there weren't any first-aid kits about and when a man hit his thumb with a stone hammer he stuck his aching finger into his mouth to still its throbbing ache. As he mastered his problems one by one and his life became less of a physical struggle and a little bit more of a mental one, the old habit clung to him. In trouble, in pain—and the effort to think is about as painful as thumping one's thumb with a hammer—his hand went to his mouth for comfort. That must be it. I can't see any other reason for one's putting one's fingers into his mouth.

If you watch a child who bites his nails you soon see that he does this only when his body is at rest and his mind is in action. A difficult example to work out starts him chewing his nails. So does an exciting story. As he follows the fortunes of the hero he nibbles faster and faster until the climax ends the story and the chewing in one fell swoop.

It doesn't seem to do much good to say, "Jack, take your fingers out of your mouth." He says, "Hm—hm," and continues his operations. The only thing that seems to stop him is to change his mental attitude, putting a fresh set of interests before his consciousness and interrupting the one that is causing the trouble.

When a child is busily biting his nails and you ask him to go downstairs and bring up a bowl of apples he will

stop biting his nails and will not start at them again until he seats himself and takes up his book.

But very little children bite their nails. They do, indeed. Very little children have a sense of trouble somewhere. It may not be defined and you may not be able to locate it, but it is in their mind or they would not bite their nails. I think this is so because I have watched so many children biting their way through their troubles in school and out.

What to do? Interrupt him whenever he begins. As soon as you can get enough nail growth to polish, polish it as highly as possible. A polished nail is not a comforting one at all. Examine his nails every night and tell him again and again how important nails are to good hands. Hands were given to us that we may find our own way out of a great many difficult places and if we dull the tips of our fingers we won't be able to feel as we ought and dull fingers make dull minds.

And bitten nails are ugly, as all unintelligence is ugly. A twentieth-century child has other sources of comfort in time of stress besides that of his mouth.

§ 14. *THE DANCING LESSON*

When I was little the grown folk used to speak lightly of the dancing lesson. Foolishness. Waste of time. Only fit for empty heads. Silly sort of play whirling around and around.

They may have been right about that sort of dancing. That is not the kind I mean. It isn't any of those things. It is the secret of teaching the children the very poetry of motion; a motion that is as suave as a sonata, as gracious as a St. Gauden's statue, as lovely as a Corot spring.

There is no foolishness in that. There is the keenest kind of intelligence at work. There is no waste of time, but a very sane use of it. The child is learning to control his body in a way that fills him with an artist's delight in it; in a way that sends a thrill of health and vitality through every fiber of his being; in a way that teaches him the closeness, the perfect harmony that abides between his body and spirit.

Did you ever watch a great bear relax his body, dropping off the weight from his finger ends, until he lay, a great brown heap, so soft, so easy, so restful? He looked as though a lift from your wee-est finger would raise him easily. And all the while you knew that one flirt of his sprawly paw would wipe you off as a child would brush off a fly.

Clumsy creature? Suppose you try? Drop the weight from your shoulders and let your arms hang limp and boneless and in perfect ease. Do the same thing with your legs and your back and lie down on the floor in a soft unresisting heap and rest there with long happy sighs.

You can't because you haven't ever had the right sort of dancing teacher. That's why you get so tired and

cramped up and nervous and have to take annoying vacations. You never learned how to control your body so as to conserve and use its energy, to relax like the big brown bear.

The little children who go to the right dancing school learn how to be bears. They learn how they carry great strength with tremendous ease. They learn that strength can be used with seemingly effortless motions that rest the body instead of wearying it. They learn that they can lean on their spirit to carry them up beyond the plane of effort without strain and with the sense of gracious loveliness and alluring beauty.

If you have a tense little boy, or girl, he needs that sort of teaching. He needs the intelligent dancing teacher who floods him with music and shows him the way to the freedom of his body, to the elimination of the cramping inhibitions that kill his spontaneity and joy.

Some day we will have such lessons in all our schools. I hope so because I know that when a child has mastered the technique that allows him to relax and energize his body as he will, until he can picture the messages the music carries to him in terms of exquisite movements, when he can be a bear asleep or a fairy twirling on his toes in a space he can cover with his big toe, he has a mind free as his body.

A freed mind can be taught anything one wants to take the trouble to teach.

§ 15. *LIKE UNTO HIS FATHER*

Miss Jennie was annoyed about something. So much was clear to the most casual observer and after she had kept perfectly still for five minutes without the least sign of a rift in the enveloping gloom Miss Lavinia asked, "What *is* the matter?"

"Did you ever feel foolish?"

"No, never," retorted Miss Lavinia acidly. "Why take such a common state so much to heart?"

"I wouldn't care so much only I worked so hard to do it. I was very particular about the job. I left nothing out. Serves me right for taking a report for granted.

"You know Armond? You know how tiny he is? The doctor and nurse weighed and measured my class and of course they found Armond undersized and underweight according to the standard tables and gave me a slip for him.

"I filled out the slips religiously, even underlined and red-inked them, Armond's along with the rest. This morning I got a polite note from his mother asking me to come in and see her.

"When I got there she and Armond's father seemed to be enjoying a joke between them. 'I asked you to come in and have a chat with us about Armond. You say he is underweight and underheight and suggest that we feed him up and exercise him and all that in order to bring him up to normal. Now, Miss Jennie, we would like to know just what your norm for Armond's height and weight is? We thought him in pretty good shape. What height, for instance, would you consider normal for him?'

"I almost choked. There those two stood laughing at me out of their eyes. Neither of them was five feet high.

The tiniest people and the healthiest you can imagine and just bubbling over with fun. Armond came in and stood beside them and a blind man could have seen that he was the healthiest young animal alive.

"I couldn't say it was the doctor's fault. I hated to say it was my own. I knew I should have thought about the slips before I sent them out. I felt like a fool and I just up and said so.

"They laughed right out and said I wasn't. But—believe me—next time—.

"I know now and forever that a child is normal to himself and he may or may not be up to the standard tables. Wait until I see that doctor."

" 'Twasn't his fault at all," Miss Lavinia said. "He only measured the children. You knew them."

§ 16. *HIS HOUR*

Every child is entitled to one happy, care-free hour every day. We, in our anxiety to surround him with every safeguard, inspire him to greater effort and lead him into habits of industry and righteousness, are likely to leave him no time for leisure.

That is a great mistake. Provide for his hour of freedom and let him do as he likes. Even when he does things that you wish he wouldn't, let him.

He chooses to go out on the lot and play with the red-faced, yelling, threatening "bunch." Let him. That's part of his education. How will he ever learn to pick a good fellow from among the bad fellows if he doesn't know them both?

He may choose to stay in his corner and read. Let him. But he selects a thriller that some "careless" adult brought in and left lying round loose. Let him. He won't take to a steady diet of thrillers any more than to one of chocolate sundaes. Any more than the careless adult who read it before him. More likely he will get his stomach full and stop. You can't bring a boy up without his share of sweets.

He may choose to practice upon some musical instrument. Let him. Though it tingle through the hairs of your head, let him. The weird sounds he makes are music to his untutored ears and he will not understand your suffering. He will only remember that you deprived him of one of the joys of his earthly existence. Let him alone.

He may want to mess around with paints, or tools, or stones. Let him. He has all sorts of ideas crowding him for expression. He will try each of them in turn and go on to the next.

It may be that he wants to lie on his back and dream. Let him. He is learning what manner of man he is. He is thinking out who he is, what he is and where he is going on this strange road. He cannot tell you all that, of course, and the value of his dreaming depends upon its food.

Scatter real books about him. Let him share the best experiences of the home and family and friends. Let him listen to the best stories, look at the finest works. Let him grow in an atmosphere of friendliness, of helpfulness, of culture. Then he will have food for such dreams as men are made of.

Give the child his hour. Let him, for one brief instant of time, lose himself in the sweetness of doing what his heart desires. Then he will have fewer suppressed desires to trouble him. He will have fewer regrets over the unfilled hopes of his youth. He will have tried himself out and as far as humanly possible, found himself.

§ 17. *BLOOMERS*

The little girls are beginning to appear in school and on the streets in bloomers or trousers. Not the clumsy things that raised such a furore when women first rode bicycles, but neat, trim affairs that fit and have lines and grace and beauty.

With the trousers they wear socks that come just below the knee, and a blouse that is open at the throat and that stops short of the elbows. Their feet are shod with sandals or low shoes that seem to lend lightness and speed to their feet.

The little girls are running free from the hampering dry goods of their mother's day for which may the little girls be truly grateful and for which may all of us who witnessed the distresses of the bedraggled women of the nineties give grateful thanks.

Miss Maria is grateful for the revolution but thinks it will not last. "It's just a passing style. The fashion makers never did that to make the little girls comfortable. They never think of such things. All they are interested in is selling their designs and their goods. When they decree that girls shall be dressed in Mother Hubbards gathered full at the neck and wrists, garbed in Mother Hubbards will they be."

But I don't believe it. What you learn as a child you remember as an adult and the little girls are finding the freedom of their legs and calling it very good. They will never be satisfied to be wrapped around in folds of senseless drapery while going about the business of their lives.

A growing girl needs freedom of body and much healthy use of it in order to grow physically fit just as much and more than a growing boy does. Girls need every ounce

of power they can store up and anything that tends to increase it is just that much to their advantage.

With freedom of bodily motion comes freedom of mind. A brain freely and generously supplied with blood that has been washed with clean air is going to be a healthy, active brain, a thing devoutly to be wished for where either boys or girls are concerned.

Bob's ball jumped the high iron fence and rolled along the street across the walk in front of Betty who poised a dainty sandalled toe and swung from her hip as neat a kick as ever you saw. The ball soared back over the fence. "Hurrah," said I. "The world do move, though it be at the end of a little girl's toe."

Some day the mothers will all wake up and no girl under high-school age at least will be sent out in skirts. All of them will wear trim little knickers and blouses and so have a chance to grow with their brothers alongside of whom they must take their places in the world.

Girls in bloomers or women in knickers will not look up beseechingly to men. They will look levelly across at them. Which will make a difference.

§ 18. *SWIMMING*

If I had to choose one outdoor activity for children in preference to all others I would say swimming. They will walk and run without special help but they will never swim unless they are taught, and every child should know how to swim before he is eight years old.

I say eight because as a general thing he does not go out seeking adventure before that time. He is sprouting an individuality about then and takes things in his own hands a little. The water has a powerful call for children of all ages. Soon or late they will answer to it and unless they have been taught how to behave toward it there is great danger.

Forbidding them to go near it does not help. They will disobey and go on it and into it just as sure as the spring sunshine warms and allures. The only sensible, safe thing to do is to teach them to swim.

Swimming ought to be taught by some one who understands the children and knows the technique and importance of the first lessons. The person who throws a shivering child into deep water and tells him to swim out should be arrested and punished for assault.

The best place to teach little children to like the water and accustom them to its dangers and powers is in the home bathtub when they are babies. After they can walk and talk they should be taken to the beach or the river bank or the lake and allowed to play about the edges with shovel and pail until all fear has vanished.

Then the teacher begins and by slow and carefully graded steps instructs the child for a few minutes daily until he gets his water adjustment made. He should never play alone by the waterside and should never swim without

an instructor by his side or in the offing until he has gained his life-saving symbol from the Red Cross.

Part of his instruction is how to behave should he get into trouble and some one come to his aid. He must know how to be saved as well as how to save. Children have been lost because in their fright they would not allow the life-saver to help them.

Apart from the great importance of swimming to the saving of life there is the fine exercise that swimming gives the children. It takes them into the open air in surroundings of beauty. It washes them clean, clean, clean.

Did you ever stop to consider the relation of cleanliness of the body to cleanliness of the soul? Teachers know well the very close relationship there is and when they ask for a swimming pool and instructors for their pupils that is precisely the underlying principle: Cleanliness, which makes for spiritual and physical safety.

§ 19. *A GOOD SHOUT*

Music wouldn't be a bit like music if it hadn't the ups and downs, if it hadn't all the fine shades of tone and color and volume. The monotone doesn't sing much of a song.

Yet we expect children, or we act as if we expected children, to live in a monotone. If now and then they become noisy we anxiously "shoo" them and warn them not to make such a noise. "It isn't nice to raise your voice." "It is very rude to stamp your feet." "You must travel softly in all your ways." Which is right and as it ought to be within the house.

But children are outdoor creatures. They were intended to grow in the open air. It is the demands of our artificial civilization that shut them in and make them tiptoe and whisper and live in subdued tone. We'll agree that the climate has something to do with it, but we'll also agree that our shivering nerves have a lot to do with it.

It is quite out of the question to let them make the noise they would like to make. It wouldn't be good for them in their present environment and it wouldn't be good for us who have to listen to them. But they ought to have a chance to let off steam now and then. Every once in a while a child needs to give a good shout. A loud, ringing shout that expands his lungs and uses up a pound or so of energy.

There is an auntie who lives in the country who knows this is so and provides for it when her nephews and nieces visit her, as they love to do. About a meadow-length away from the house there is a grassy slope that is fine for rolling. Auntie calls it "Shoutin' Hill."

When she sees that jackets can no longer retain the tide

of swelling enthusiasm whether of work or play or temper, she says, "Now you children run out and take a turn on Shoutin' Hill," and away they race. They stand on the top and flap their arms and shout until the hills ring. Then they lie down and roll to the foot, climb up, and repeat the exercise while auntie looks on beamingly from the back kitchen door.

It is given to few of us to have Shoutin' Hill in our back yard but we might make a substitute for it now and then. We might make provision for that shout in some other way and so avert many a stormy session.

A candy party in the kitchen helps, a pillow fight in the attic, a circus stunt in the shed, a climb to the top of the tree, a dance around the house in witches' costume. But it has to be a shout of mind and body or it won't work out.

Mrs. Ben was in distress because Peter climbed on the bridge rail and jumped into the water, clothes and all. She thought he had lost his mind. He hadn't. The house and the school had been too still and he needed a shout. "Pick out a few for him so he won't have to jump the bridge," say I. We all need a shout now and then. It's the lift to the tune we're living.

§ 20. *USE THE EXPERTS*

Every child should be examined—"routined," the nurse would call it—at least once a month. Try checking him up on this list. It is not complete but it is suggestive.

1. Posture: standing . . . sitting . . .
2. Color: pale . . . too much . . .
3. Appearance: bright . . . dull . . . sleepy at wrong time . . .
4. Weight . . .
5. Height . . .
6. Teeth: color . . . cavities . . .
7. Breathing . . . voice . . . speech . . .
8. Eyes: near sight . . . far sight . . . redness . . . sties . . . discharge . . .
9. Ears: hearing . . . near . . . far . . . discharge . . .
10. Glands: under arms . . . neck . . .
11. Throat . . . tonsils . . .
12. Nose . . . adenoids . . .
13. Spine . . . shoulder blades . . . straight line to heel . . .
14. Scratching . . .
15. Pains . . .

If he passes, all well and good. If he calls your attention to any one of these points, attend to the matter. If you cannot do this yourself call in the doctor, ask the school nurse about it, write to the Bureau of Education at Washington. These people will be glad to help you.

Once a man built a house. He had an expert mason build the chimney. When the fire was lighted in the new chimney it burned well and the man was pleased with the mason and the mason's work.

It happened that the house was closed for the winter. In the early spring the man returned to his house and lighted the fire. The smoke rolled through the house in clouds. The maid tried to fix the fire. The smoke rolled out just

the same. The men from the farm went in and poked the fire and adjusted the logs and went out weeping and choking. The friendly neighbors called, made suggestions about building fires and chimneys, and finally went away saying among themselves, "Poor chimneys never do draw."

Then the owner sent for the expert mason who had built that chimney. He gave one look at the fireplace belching smoke, went up on the roof, and was back in a jiffy with a thing that looked like a box in his hand.

"When you build a fire in the chimney you must be sure to take off the cover. Your chimney was closed at the top."

But it took the expert to find the trouble. Use the expert to help you with the children.

Guiding Principles

> The responsibility of the school for the health of the child is a threefold one. It should provide, as a regular part of the curriculum, for systematic instruction in the basic principles of physiology and hygiene, so that the child may understand something of the wonders of the body machine for which he is responsible, of the dangers which threaten him, and of the ways in which he can be kept in a condition of maximum health and vigor. The school should supply opportunity for the actual practice of health habits and particularly for supervised physical exercise and play. Finally the school should provide for the systematic medical examination of all school children so that diseases and physical defects of all kinds may be promptly detected and, so far as possible, cured.—M. V. O'Shea, *The Child, His Nature and His Needs*

Great advance has been made in our method of meeting the health requirements of our boys and girls. School doctors, school nurses, health chores, nutrition classes, positive attention, dental clinics, gymnasiums and supervised playgrounds, are some of the manifestations of this advancement. We no longer know how many bones our wrists contain, but an educated boy or girl to-day sleeps with his window open, covers his mouth with his handkerchief when sneezing, and knows how to play. A few careful parents saw to it that their children observed these precautions, but now our schools are striving to assist every boy and girl, regardless of his parentage or home environment, to formulate these habits and observe them as a matter of course.

Our medical examinations are yet inadequate. Follow up is often lacking, yet never before has expert medical

assistance been so easily accessible as to-day. Our emphasis upon health must mean better fathers and mothers for to-morrow. A healthy body is the greatest asset which teachers and parents may aid boys and girls in obtaining and keeping for themselves. This asset of health comes to a great degree through formation of lasting health habits. Health habits result when the school and the home work in unison along health lines.

Problems

1. What health standards are required by law in your state? How long have these standards been on the statute books?
2. How has our health teaching in the public schools changed within the last few years? How do you account for this change?
3. Set down a program of health education which you consider adequate. How may the school provide for health activities in its program?
4. What are the weaknesses in our physical examination program as you see them? What remedy can you suggest?
5. Plan a health survey of your pupils. Of your health teaching. Of your room and building. State how you would conduct these surveys. Summarize your findings by recommendations which would improve the weaknesses you discover.
6. List the minimum health habits which you would aim to assist your pupils in forming.

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Part Three

The Child Mind

§ 1. *FIGS AND THISTLES*

You do not gather figs from thistles. Of course not. Why mention it?

Because so many of us behave as though we did. No matter what sort of child we have we assume the attitude of expecting him to be a leader of men. No matter how imperfect the source from which he sprung we demand perfection of him, each according to his standard.

Peter, cut square, chunky, stubby of hand and foot, is breaking his mother's heart because he cannot dance and fence and carry himself with the grace of a courtier. "I want him to be a doctor with the perfect bedside manners of Dr. Grace. And nothing I can do will make him even try."

Peter is plainly puzzled by his mother's demands. He's an honest, downright soul elected to the business of contracting by a long line of ancestors, Mother Nature casting the deciding vote, and can't for the life of him see why he should go to the classes his mother seems to enjoy (for him).

Susan is plump and housewifely. She has a placid brow over which her smooth hair parts fairly in the middle. Her dearest joy is whisking eggs in yellow bowls and setting the table with new effects and moving furniture from where it is to where it might just as well have been.

"I don't know where the child comes from I'm sure. She hasn't the slightest taste for music or art; isn't interested in books at all. I did so want a gifted daughter but she turns her back on everything I try to do for her. You can't help a child who won't help herself."

True. But why hinder a child who is helping herself? Take care. When a boy or girl has decided tastes or displays a bent for some line of work, let him work himself out on that line if it takes a lifetime to do it. Thank your

stars that he wanted to be and to do. So long as that holds he is safe. It is the child who doesn't want to do anything at all that is in danger. Not the Peters and the Susans.

If you prayed for a fig and the Fates decreed you a thistle reflect upon the truth that a thistle full-grown and blossoming is a heartsome sight, but a thistle upon which a misguided soul has tried to graft a fig is a sorry, not to say a ridiculous sight.

I am not saying that one should not look for figs. By all means prefer them to thistles, but if you get thistles accept them in good faith and make the best of them—as thistles. Some of the species are most lovely.

§ 2. *WANTED—A GENIUS*

If we are to be happy we must learn to discipline our wants. If we want to be contented, which is only another way of saying the same thing, we must learn to accept the limitations of humanity. We all have them. To each, his own.

That is what I longed to say to the lady who called it to my mind, but I could not because I felt too sorry for her. I could but gently hint at it.

"I've come because I am not pleased with the record cards of my children. These records do not satisfy me at all," and she laid two report cards on the table before me.

The records were very good. They showed a high degree of achievement in work and in conduct. I could not see why anybody should have been unhappy about them and said so.

"Yes, they would be good records for good children, even for children of high ability. But that is not what I am looking for. I want genius."

I gasped. But the lady looked steadily at me until she thought I had had sufficient time to grasp the idea. Then she continued. "Their father and I do not want the children to stop short of anything but genius. We do not want them to think anything less will be acceptable to us. They must show us some mark of unusual ability. You understand?"

I nodded. What could I say?

"There are many children to-day doing just that. One child has a book on the market. Another is a poet. Another is a sculptor recognized by the art society. Our children have had just as good opportunities as those others.

They must shine as they do or we will never feel satisfied with them."

"But these children are scarcely more than babies. One is ten and the other will soon be twelve. They are good pupils but they cannot write books nor do anything else in competition with adults, I am happy to say. They are healthy, growing children with their lives ahead of them."

"That is what I feared. You are content with mediocrity. We will take the children to another type of school. They must be developed."

I felt very sorry for the children who must be made miserable because their parents wanted to lay hands upon their lives. Egotism must be fed at the expense of the children. People have no business to want things that their children's happiness pays for.

To me the child genius is a pitiful thing. The shadow of the Reaper is upon him and it should not have fallen so soon.

§ 3. *ALL ALIKE*

Now and then you meet the teacher and the mother who pride themselves on "treating them all alike." "I play no favorites. They all get exactly the same treatment. What goes for one goes for all."

The good folk who say that are usually very conscientious and would be indignant if not horrified to be told that they were taking the lazy way out of a difficult problem. But that would be true, for training children is a very hard task and there is no such thing as treating them all alike and having the answer come out right.

Thomas is thin and wiry and Helen is plump and easily tired. Will you make Thomas and his sister do the same number of errands in the same time? Will you give them the same kind of errands to do?

Thomas is quick and Helen is slow. Will you reward Thomas for being first at table and first with his tasks and first to obey and punish Helen for being last?

Thomas loses his temper quick as a flash and gets over it just as fast. Helen is never ruffled although she is sometimes obstinately set in her way. Which one is to be punished and which one praised, if you treat them both alike?

When it comes to clothes Thomas wears out two pairs of shoes to Helen's one. Will you scold him and praise her and buy them the same number of pairs of shoes each year?

Thomas is at the head of his class in school and Helen barely gets through. Is Thomas to be praised and Helen blamed? Are both of them to be held to the same standard and measured the same way?

It cannot be done. Children come in ones. If we are to get the best out of each of them, they must be taught and

trained and praised and blamed one by one. We won't get anywhere by telling Helen how fast her brother works. All she knows about it is that she doesn't work Tom's way and she doesn't think very much of his way, at that. She likes her own pretty well.

Nor do we mend matters at all by telling Thomas how gentle and patient Helen is. He knows that he isn't gentle and patient and he wishes Helen would get out of his way once in a while instead of just sitting there looking so calm.

We will have to treat Thomas for his quick temper and leave his sister out of the question, and we will have to poke Helen along a little and say nothing at all about her speedy brother. Talking about such things contributes nothing to the child's growth. He gets a sense of irritation and a growing dislike for the one who is contrasted with him to his belittling.

Better say "Thomas, Helen is not as quick as you. Help her with her lessons if you can," and "Helen, Thomas has a quick temper. Try not to rouse it. Think a little faster of what he wants you to do."

But don't try to treat them all alike. It can't be done.

§ 4. *THE HUNDREDTH CHILD*

THERE was a new scholar for Miss Carrie's class. When the principal received a pupil for this class he was downcast and he and the teacher always held a conference over the record card that introduced him.

At the close of the conference Miss Carrie would say, "I'll do the best I can for him, poor child. Maybe he'll have some bright spots. At least we can make him happy for the time he is in school. That's something."

This was the class of "queer" children; those who, either by birth or accident, had been marked and set aside by fate as unfit. Miss Carrie taught them all that they could learn, but the one thing needful she could not give them. They could never play, never work, never live with other children on an equal footing. Written across their records was the note of the psychologist, "Will never become a self-sustaining, self-supporting citizen."

The new scholar looked at first glance to be like other boys. He was handsome and his manners were engaging until you looked hard into his eyes. Then you knew. Something there spoke plainly, "Unfit, unfit. He cannot enter in."

He took everything he could carry. Regularly at dismissal time the teacher searched him and unloaded the spoils. He submitted cheerfully, even helping her find something she had overlooked. His curls hid Betty's dime, Pete's whistle lay under his tongue. The missing lottoes were in his shoes; the beads were in his ears; the reader was in his blouse; the goldfish was in his pocket. "Incurable," sighed Miss Carrie.

When he was fourteen he could read a little, write a few words, tell a story fluently and dramatically and pick any

lock that barred his way. He was an expert thief and stole for "keeps."

"He will soon be sixteen and he will leave school and go into the streets without restraint of any sort," said Miss Carrie. "Is there no way of putting him in an institution where he could be kept from doing harm to himself and other people?"

"No way at all," said the principal grimly. "His mother will not ask for his commitment and nobody else can. We have to wait until he gets into the hands of the police and is sent to jail."

So the lad was released from school and went out into the world to seek his fortune. One morning Miss Carrie read the headline: "Dangerous Criminal Once More At Large," and the handsome smiling face of her pupil looked out at her from the front page of the paper. He had broken into an automobile shop, shot a man, thrown pepper in the eyes of the officer who arrested him, and escaped.

It would have been fairer to the boy and society if there had been some way of caring for him before he had done his worst for all concerned. We should give heed to the after care of the hundredth child.

§ 5. *THE DIFFERENT ONE*

Four children out of every hundred are what, for want of a better name, we call "different." When they first arrive there is no indication of trouble, or such slight indications that they escape the eye of all but the discerning expert.

As time goes on and one idiosyncrasy after another appears, the mother becomes doubtful, then anxious, and the long series of doctors and teachers and schools begins. Unless the mother has a very clear notion of what is ahead of her and this child, she spends years in an agony of fear.

What is to be done with this different child? He does not learn the usual school lessons. He does not "get on well" with other children. His tastes in eating and drinking are queer. His walk is wobbly and his hands uncertain. To sum him up in a word, he is unreliable. One never knows what he is going to do or how he is going to do it.

He should be examined every six months by a child expert. Not the doctor. The child in all likelihood is perfectly healthy, a bit unreliable as to stomach and nerves, but healthy. The doctor cannot help with his education, which is what is needed, needed early. The earlier the better.

If the child is one of the excitable ones who quiver and jump and scramble, going hither, thither and yon like a darting humming bird, we find that the classroom is too stimulating for him. He needs to be comparatively alone. Needs quiet, soothing folk about him. Soft coloring, pleasant sounds, gentleness.

If he is the slow, dull child, stodgily sitting in the back-

ground, he needs the classroom and the playground and all the stimulus he can derive from them is useful.

Whatever you do, don't hide him. Don't torture yourself and him by concealment. There's nothing to conceal. The different child is not so rare as to be astonishing nor is he a shameful sort of family skeleton. He is one of nature's experiments. She is always making them and no one can exactly tell why although many wise people have tried.

Keep hopeful about them. Every now and then one of them surprises us by bursting into full bloom long after all hope has died. At the worst he can be trained to usefulness and thereby to happiness. Many a happy, useful man and woman never parsed a sentence or wrote a thesis. What of it?

Give the different child his chance. The family doctor will help unless he's the sort who says, "O, he'll grow out of it when he's twelve or sixteen or nineteen." The psychologist will surely help and the trained teacher will do the job. But don't hop from one set of advisers to another year after year. That does no good. Lay down your plan early and follow it late and the different child will, in the end, be not too different. And keep cheerful. He's no crime.

§ 6. *THE CROW AGE*

Did you ever visit a crow's nest? Perhaps not because they are usually rather high and therefore exclusive. But if you have had a chance to look at the inside of one you very likely found a collection of art objects there. A piece of bright-colored glass, a thimble, a piece of red string, a bit of a bead necklace, a scrap of rag. Crows are collectors.

When a child begins to pick up odds and ends and store them away he has arrived at the "crow age." He has begun to follow his instinct for collecting, classifying, valuing things about him. Anything will do to start him. Something about its color or shape or association attracts him and he gathers it to him.

He likes to have a safe place for his collections just as the crow does. He cannot have a nest on the top of an eighty-foot pine but he can have a box or a closet with a lock and a key.

You think his heap of colored papers, cigar bands, pebbles, strings, marbles, nails, picture cards, coins, are so much litter and rubbish. You wish he wouldn't bring them into the house and you think giving him a closet or a box with a key to safeguard it is too much?

This instinct to collect is the germ of his responsibility toward his family. He must get and keep so that others may have what they will need. If he does not follow this instinct and do his hoarding and sorting and valuing, he will lose that very valuable phase of his growth. To be sure he has no appreciation of this. It is fun for him. But his heart is in his treasure.

As the crow age passes and he loses interest in his collections, you will find them lying dejectedly in some corner

or other. You will want to throw them out. Ask him first if he is through with them. If he says "no" and gathers them up once more, let him alone. He has not yet outgrown them.

Sometimes the child will cease to collect altogether, but there are children who carry the interest along with them into and through adolescence. They collect stamps or coins and make a thorough hobby of it. From this group the real collectors grow, but their number is small compared to the great group of children who pass through the "crow age."

Then save a soft spot in your heart for his "messes." They look very untidy and meaningless to you unless you remember your own childhood. To him they are treasures and very valuable. He will love you for that little bit of understanding in the days when he looks back upon his childhood and remembers your loving-kindness to a little boy who was doing his best to grow up.

§ 7. *WHO IS FIT?*

"Don't waste the high school on those who are not fit. It's a sinful waste of the city's money. Weed them out. Train only the fit ones."

Very good. But who is fit? And who is going to decide who is fit? The intelligence test? I doubt it. They help some in grading and teaching economically but they are neither the first nor the last word on the training of a child.

Nobody knows who is fit for higher training. It isn't safe for anybody to take the responsibility for saying he knows and deciding the fate of a child on his guess. Guess is all that it is, supported to the last ditch by statistics and investigations though it may be.

There is a man in the United States to-day whose story will prevent those among us who know it from ever driving a child out of school or declaring him unfit or unteachable no matter how dull or how unresponsive he may be.

He was nearing the end of his teens and had not yet learned to read. He was clogging the school and hampering the teachers. He was a nuisance and they finally put him out. He was wasting time and money. He was unfit for higher education. Was he?

He is at the head of a big educational institution and an authority on the education of young men. You would know his name were I to tell it to you. He has saved more youngsters from defeat than one lifetime could measure and has had a wonderful time doing it.

The list of those declared unfit is long. It includes poets and statesmen and soldiers and inventors and teachers and scientists. Go slow. Nature is very, very slow

when she is building something big. She speeds up on the ordinary ones.

This is not a plea for the higher education of the feeble-minded. They, too, must be trained, but their training is broad, not high, and it lies on a different plane. It is a plea for the child who is slow according to school standards. He should be given all the time he needs and much sympathy and encouragement.

In the seedling bed was one that was simply at the four-leaf stage. The others in the row were transplanted and transplanted until they reached the showy border and flowered, and there he sat with his four sturdy leaves.

"He'll have to be moved so that he can be fed and watered. I'm sort of attached to him, sitting so patiently there with his four leaves and all the others grown up and away," said the gardener one day. "I'll lift him now and give him a chance in the other bed." Up he came on the trowel and such roots. A handful of beautiful fibrous roots.

"The rascal. Sitting there making roots all this time. He'll be a beauty. Never saw such root growth. Come along, old man, and we'll see what we'll see some day." He was a prize winner, of course.

Look out for that slow one. Maybe he's making his roots.

§ 8. *THE BEST HOUR*

For every one of us there is the best year, and the best month and day and year when we are fittest and happiest and work moves like a song. We know it when it comes and regret it as it passes.

But there is, too, in each day the best hour for each of us and if we watch for it and get to know just when it is due we can use it to great advantage. You know there are some folk to whom it is not wise to speak before ten o'clock in the morning and others who must not be glanced at before dinner. One learns to wait for their best hour and get in one's idea then. The time varies with the individual so one must remember to study him and become acquainted with the curve of his day.

Children have marked high spots in their day and with them, too, these vary with the child and his temperament and his daily routine. The schedule must take his peculiarities into consideration if it is to be the best one for him. There are certain fixed periods that are usually easy to meet, such as rising time and mealtime and bedtime. The occasional child will have to be adjusted even here, but he is truly occasional.

It is the demands of life that one must keep watch over lest they fall at the wrong time, in the wrong mood, in the wrong place. It is not wise to begin new work the morning you give out report cards to a group of adolescents, for instance. A far better way would be to make no mention of them until immediately before dismissal and then hand them out. There will be an afternoon and an evening and a night for the reaction and work can be safely started the next morning.

If you have a hungry boy coming in and a list of errands

to be done before he starts for the afternoon game it is best to feed him first and then present the list of jobs. A well stayed stomach can help out a catastrophe like a trip to the grocer's while the team waits on the field.

The music lesson has to be given at a time when the child feels like music. Now that may be before breakfast, but not usually. As a general thing a child has to be well warmed up to the work of the day before he wants his music lesson. But that is a matter of the temperament and the schedule of the child. Give thought to the best hour for the child and ask the teacher to fit his time to it. Sometimes the teacher says that is the only hour he has but a little adjustment all along the line will usually bring things right.

Arithmetic and reading lessons should come at the time when the child feels ready for them. There is a tradition of arithmetic the very first thing in the morning but very often it is better as the second lesson, depending again on the children and on their day's program. Reading is considered a resting subject but the primary teacher will tell you more accurately that it is one of the most difficult lessons of the day and the condition of the children must be taken into consideration before it is attempted.

That is why sometimes the teacher will turn her day's order upside down and put the last lesson first. Something subtle passes between the teacher and the class that warns her of the trouble ahead and she tells a story where she intended to hear a recitation and gives an arithmetic lesson where she thought to give reading. She searches for the best hour. It is worth searching for if we are to give the children the most out of their day.

§ 9. *DREAMING CHILDREN*

Children find this world a hard place to be happy in because it was built for adults and everything in it, customs and laws and morals, houses and furniture and schools and police and teachers, are created for adults or by them. The child is full of wishes and desires that are blunted against one or the other or all of the elements of a grown-up's world and if he is hurt too hard he withdraws into himself, closes a little door in the wall of his consciousness and lives inside.

Once safe inside he creates a new world, a gentle one where there are no clocks, no bells, no harsh voices commanding him to go on and on hurting himself. Here he is a hero, a leader of the sort he longs to be. Walls fall down at his command. Ladies are rescued and smile upon him. Great audiences listen to his least whisper. Laurels are twined about his brow. Delightful dream world.

Each of us knows the path to the little door and each of us holds a key. Perhaps, if we are gray and grown wise with the years, we unlock that door but seldom. But even so, the memory of it thrills us again and we look at the dreaming child with a little regret and a lot of pity. We should each have our dream but having had it we must start out of that door, leave the pleasant place of dreams and trudge down the hard road to every day. It will not do to dream and dream and never do.

If you have such a dreaming child in your house be very merciful and tender. Try to find out—no questioning will bring it I fear—what it is that drives him to linger so long in his castle. Something has hurt him and driven him to hide or he would not leave his play and his work and the joy of growing and fighting his way to the end of his vision.

Sometimes it is the too severe pressure of a school routine upon his too-tender mind and body. Ease it up and see. Sometimes it is harsh treatment of some cherished plan. He tried to tell you and you hushed him up and cried him down so that he must go apart and hide within himself and take out his cherished dream and look at it again and again, fondling it and resting upon it. Or it may be something that has been brooding in him since he came into this world. Try to find it and help him to realize it or work it into something else that grows in its stead.

It will not do to scold these dreaming children. Any harsh tone or word but adds to the fear that sent him apart in the beginning. He must be coaxed out and, oh, so wisely. If he senses that you would lay hands upon his hiding place, that you would bare his secret, he will lock the door tight and seal up the cracks so that you will never see even the place where it is hidden.

Unless a dream is brought out into the sunshine and built of everyday stuff into something the material side of man can see and feel and show, it becomes a canker eating out the heart. So be wise and careful and preserve both the dream and the little dreamer.

§ 10. *CONCENTRATION*

"The road to success lies in concentration. A man who can really concentrate upon his job can get anywhere he wants to go. Concentrate, save all your force for the one thing you wish to do, and you'll do it. It is the flitting about from idea to idea that drains our energy and leaves us weakened when the big strain comes. Learn to concentrate."

We will agree that that is true. We'll agree that if we can teach a child the secret of concentration we have given him a wonderful tool that will carve a pathway for him at his wish.

Then, you say, "We will teach the youngster to concentrate. We will teach him to focus himself on the one thing he had in hand." Exactly. But how?

"I can't get that child to concentrate his mind on his lesson for more than a few minutes at a time. He is off dreaming or attending to something else. Scatterbrained."

To begin with, no one, not even you who are trying so hard to teach this child, can concentrate his mind upon a thing that he has no real interest in. To gather up the entire force within yourself and bring it to bear upon the work in hand means that you care for that job more than for anything else, at least for the time being.

The mind which controls you must have been trained and disciplined toward the end you covet. It must have been taught by experience, experience repeated again and again, to hold fast to that which you have elected as your good. That means a ripened mind, indeed.

It means a will that has been bent to duty. Children know little of duty except that it means doing something

that one does not want to do at the time one is asked to do it. A rather unpleasant business on the whole.

It means pulling one's self away from the interest of the moment to attend to something that lies remote from this time and place. It means a slow getting under way that drags one's self by the hair of the head. That spells effort and we all hate effort, especially when we are children.

Concentration means all this and more. No wonder it is so powerful a force. It is the summation of mental efficiency, a finished product of disciplined mind. And it is to be greatly desired. Can we get it for the children?

Yes, if we are willing to begin early, work steadily and slowly, and remember that the child's mind is growing, not grown. He cannot concentrate upon an idea for more than a few minutes at a time when he begins and then only if it interests him.

So we take something that he likes and work on from there until he can, for the sake of something his soul desires, hold himself, his whole self, on something that is not desirable for its own sake but leads to his desire.

Don't deceive yourself into thinking anybody ever works like that for the work's sake. There must be a prize to make the drudgery worth while. Concentration must see its reward.

§ 11. *THE I.Q. AND THE TEACHER*

It has happened more than once that a child has taken the highest I.Q. in the class and then failed at the term end to qualify for the next grade. Then the rating was wrong?

No, the rating was right. The child had the intelligence, the capacity, and the knowledge to take a high place in his class. But his teacher could have warned you that she would not have rated him so highly and given him the enriched and extended course of his group because he had no desire to work. In the words of the schoolmaster, he had no purpose and a weak will when it came to striving to hold a high place in school.

You see the tests do not measure the spiritual or mental qualities of a child. Nobody knows how to do that yet. When the boy was examined he was under pressure to do his very best and being a quick child and an intelligent one he succeeded. He was graded high and grouped with the fastest, brightest minds in the school. He was content. He probably strutted a bit and took the attitude, "I'm the brightest child here. I don't have to study. I can leave that to the dubs."

The teacher who lived with him day by day knew that. She would have said, "That is a very bright boy but he won't work except under pressure. I keep him up to grade but I cannot leave him to himself a day. I must follow him up lesson by lesson. Left to himself he tires easily; his attention flies from one thing to another. He doesn't concentrate on a task. He has no fixed purpose in coming to school. He makes no call on his will."

But nobody asked the teacher in this instance. The experts, strangers to the children, and that is not a bad idea, did the examining. Then they did the grading, and that is

not a good idea. They should turn in their reports and the teachers who know the children should have a word to say about that.

The best way to do it is to have the teacher make a roll of her class in the order of merit. Let her spend a long time in making that list for there will be five or six number one's and four or five two's and a lot of number eleven's. Take time and think out the listing carefully. Then file that list until the results of the test come in. Then compare them with the experts and combine the results. But make up your mind that a test that does not take consideration of the teacher's judgment into the final settlement is not a sound one. No more is the one that depends entirely upon it.

Grading a pupil so that he may do his best work needs the combined judgment of the expert, the teacher, and the parent.

§ 12. *"I CAN'T"*

When a child stops in his path and says, "I can't," either of two things is true. He is frightened by the unfamiliar situation or he really hasn't the power as yet to do what is wanted.

The new thing startles all of us. There is always an element of fear in every new undertaking. We dread changing our doctor or dentist, we don't like the notion of a new landlord although the old one had never particularly appealed to us, we hate to have our place at table changed, and we resist to the bitter end all efforts to make us use the new car line. They'll have to rip up the old one before we cease to use it.

It is in vain that the advantages of the new line are pointed out to us. We are used to the clanking and bumping and delays of the old one and we stubbornly cling to its discomforts, turning our backs upon the shining upholstery of the new one. "I can't ride in it," settles it for us.

Something the same feeling comes over the child confronted by a new situation. The element of fear is larger than that involved in our refusal to break up pleasant habits and the panic, the mental rout of the child, is much severer. Urging or forcing him only adds to the turmoil. He "can't" and that's all about it.

That's what "I can't" usually means, plain panic. Until the storm of dread and fear subsides the mind cannot assert its control. Blind instinct is on top. It has to be coaxed under. Drop the matter for the time being and give the child something else to do; something, if possible, that will indirectly shed a little light on the dark place without the youngster knowing it.

Go backward for a space and come through on another

route and feed the job out slowly until the child finds that he is getting along nicely. The minute he feels the stimulus of success all fear vanishes. The mind is in control again and the fear instinct, the barrier of defense that we all raise in the face of a new situation, has been broken down.

It isn't a bit of use to keep saying, "Yes you can, and what's more you must." Must is the last word to use to a child who is shrinking from making what to him is a mighty effort. To make real growth the spirit must be free. Free from fear first, and free from domination at all times.

It isn't a bit of use to say, "You're lazy. Stupid. All the other children can do it. What's the matter with you?" Show the frightened child the work of the others if you will but show it in another spirit. Let a child who likes the troubled one show him and coax him along and keep hands off while he does it. Keep at it gently, trying to find the hard place and how to help him over it, remembering that "I can't" generally means "I'm afraid."

§ 13. *THE STANDARDIZED CHILD*

What sort of a child are you and your school trying to make? If you thought about that and arrived at a decision parent and teacher might be more comfortable in their minds. I say nothing about the child's comfort of mind because he won't have much for some time after he gets out of school. Then he'll take it.

He'll take it because that is what he has been striving for when you and the school thought he was struggling against being made into a decent, respectable member of society like his mother, or his father, or his teacher, whichever happened to have the strongest personality and the opportunity to impose it upon the youngster.

He struggled to get out from under the personality you were trying to impose upon him because, having one of his own, he thought he had enough. He was the only one right on that subject. Old Mother Nature had seen to that fact at the start.

She has ordained that there never shall be more than one of any of her products. You look at the leaves on the trees and the blades of grass in the meadow and say, "They are all alike." But they are not. They are all different. They are alike in one way. They fill their places and do their work. But they are not alike.

Children are all different, even when they are born twins. Not only are the children different from any other children, each and each, but they are different from any older person who has been or who will be. That's why you have so much "trouble" with them. You want them to be like somebody else and they can't be.

You say they "won't" be. But that is wrong. Children are easily influenced, especially by people near and dear to

them, and if they could be a fine man "like father," and a lovely, intelligent lady "like grandmother," they undoubtedly would be. But they can't.

They can't because the law from the beginning has read, "One of a kind is enough." In some way or other your child is different from any other human being on earth and if you would work according to the law, and that is the only way you will ever succeed at anything in this world, you will work to bring out that different thing, work to bring out his gift, the one thing that was given him to make him a person.

Haven't you seen a child whose personality said as he stepped into the room, "Somebody's here"? Haven't you known children who showed a quality that you found hard to describe but that left you feeling as though the sweet west wind had blown softly against your spirit and refreshed it and left you all toned up and smiling?

That was because those fortunate children had fallen into the hands of people who had respected their personalities and had done what they could to preserve them and develop them, even to letting them alone. Even to letting them alone.

You cannot standardize children. You can try it but all you get out of it is a spoiled job, a dulled and devitalized spirit. One of a kind is enough.

§ 14. *FIRSTS? SECONDS? JOB LOTS?*

The flower man was sorting lilies of the valley for the market. Rapidly he laid them in three distinct piles and soon I saw that in one pile only perfect flowers were laid, the second pile were not quite as good, the third pile got what was left.

"The firsts are as nearly perfect as flowers can be," said he. "You see their fine sturdy stems. They have perfect bells from stalk to tip, none broken or twisted or dwarfed. Their color is perfect too, no spots, nothing to tinge the lily whiteness.

"The seconds aren't so bad but they are a little bit under standard. Now this one is a bell short and this one has a curved stalk and this one won't open all the way to the tip. They aren't so even in stem either, some thin, some stout, not just right like the perfect ones.

"The third pile is the job lot. I'll be lucky to get anything for them. See, they're short or long and skinny where they ought to be full of bloom. They have a little scent, though. You'd know they were meant to be lilies of the valley, but that's about all. They're just job lots. Flowers that didn't make good."

That's the way we teachers feel along about promotion time. We sort the pupils and we stack their cards in the piles and the first-class ones are fewer than we like to see and the job lots always more numerous than they have any right to be, considering the bad market they command.

Whose fault is it that all of them cannot be first class? I am afraid that we all must take our share of the blame, and there's enough to go round. Sometimes we have not given the job-lot child exactly what he needed to make him first rate for his class. It required special equipment and

specially applied teaching and we didn't have them. You see they cost a great deal of money.

Once in a while a pupil gets into a job lot and nobody is to blame but himself. He wanted to stray outside the garden fence and evade the watchful eye of the gardener. The winds were a little too strong for him out there and the sun beat upon him before he was ready to enjoy it and maybe a fat caterpillar ate a piece out of him. (That happens to those who stray outside the garden fence.) He didn't get the right sort of food, of course, so naturally he didn't blossom well.

Perhaps if all of us tried a little harder with these wayward job lots and followed them outside the garden walls a bit, we could do a little more toward saving them for the first class. And if the little job lots could just imagine how they are going to feel when the gardener lays them on the last pile with all the left-overs, perhaps they'd try a little harder to keep close within the shelter of the garden.

At any rate those job lots have to be taken into consideration.

§ 15. *FEAR*

Children should never be frightened. Fear is poison. It upsets the stomach. The food cannot be digested. Sometimes fear brings on vomiting and diarrhea. No child can grow under these conditions.

Children are secretive about their fears. They are afraid of their fear. Often they are frightened and you do not know it. Be very gentle with them and try to get them to tell you about the things that frighten them.

Some people tell their children that the Boogie Man will get them. That the Rag Man will take them. That the Devil will come for them. Foolish people tell little children these awful lies at bedtime. The children go to bed in great fear. They lie in bed shivering in the darkness, not daring to pull the covers up, afraid to turn over and hide their faces in the comforting pillow. Sick with fear they fall asleep. They cannot rest. They start up, call out, and sometimes walk in their sleep and are hurt.

Fear like this often becomes fixed in the minds of the little ones. It unfits them for work or play. Insanity has been traced to such fears.

Never frighten the children. It is not only silly, but dangerous. Some parents tell the children that the policeman will take them away. One child so trained lost his mother in the crowded street. The officer saw that he was lost and spoke to him. The child went into convulsions of fear. Why not tell the child that the policeman is his friend?

About the same thing happens to the doctor. "If you don't behave and stop crying I'll call the doctor and he'll fix you." Some day that child will need all the help the

doctor can give but he will not receive it. The doctor can do little for the child who has been taught to fear him.

In one of the schools of a big city a bright-looking little lad sat in the baby class. Day after day he sat, growing paler and sadder but not a word would he say.

"Did you ever hear Eddie talk?" asked the teacher finally.

"Yes, he talks. Only in the room he doesn't talk."

When the mother came to school she said, "Why of course he talks. Eddie, why don't you talk to the teacher?"

Eddie burst into tears and clung to his mother. She took him home. When she brought him back the next day she said to the teacher, "It's all right now. Before I brought him to school I told him that if he talked in school you would cut his tongue out and the little silly believed me."

Fear is poison. To wittingly implant fear in the mind of a child is cruelty. Never frighten a child.

§ 16. *THE SLOW ONE*

THERE are certain children who move and have their being in slow rhythm. One speaks the word to them and they gaze solemn-eyed, gradually get into motion, and slowly execute the idea. Or, they stop at the gazing stage and wait for more light.

People who move faster are inclined to lose patience with these children and rap out more orders and faster ones and finally, becoming exasperated by the child's unresponsive air, shake him or push him or hustle him toward their aim, keeping up a rapid fire of "My, such a slow poke. How can you be so stupid?" all the way.

Just wait a minute. The race is not always to the swift. This slow-moving child is not stupid. Indeed he is very often a most intelligent child. The time that elapses between his receiving the order and his first motion toward following it is used in interpreting it. He is remembering, calling up useful experiences, tying up associations, forming his plan and seeing it clear before rushing out to execute it.

Haven't you seen children who rush off at the first word, without waiting to hear what is said to them, with no idea of where they are going or why or how, only to come back again and say, "What did you say?" or "I couldn't find it," or "There isn't any such man. He don't live there."

You won't find a slow child doing that. He either waits until he has the idea clear in his mind or he doesn't move at all. Just gazes. That means you have talked too fast for him, waved your arms too much, talked too loud. Calm yourself. Smile at him, say it all over again slowly and clearly. He'll stop you at the place where he missed the

way. When he understands his face will light up and off he will go and when he comes back he will have what he went out to get.

Speed is desirable when it can be obtained with accuracy. There need be no haste to make mistakes. Yet how often the slower-thinking, slower-moving child is made to feel unfit beside the flashing, smashing, rapid-fire child. Real, worth-while speed comes with practice and sureness. Once the slower child gets his bearings he will gather a reasonable amount of speed and that is all that is commensurate with safety.

I would not have dawdling interpreted as slowness. That is another thing entirely and must be handled differently. The slow child is the one who takes in ideas slowly, cautiously, examining as he proceeds, halting where he does not understand, and going ahead systematically when he does. He is slow to speak for he would be sure. He is slow to any display of emotion because his intellect is in control of the situation and must relax before emotion surges in. Once aroused, his emotions are strong.

Slow children, those perfect intelligences set to slow rhythm, are trying on their parents and teachers but they are very worth-while children. An oak requires a century for growth while a poplar tree can be harvested in six years. The oak is for cathedral arches, the poplar is for pulp.

§ 17. *IMAGINATION*

It is dangerous to trim all the imagination out of a child. It is, on the other hand, dangerous to let it run loose. Can't we find the middle of the road? Can't we train our children to use their imaginations to bring beauty and spiritual grace into the grayness of their honest-to-goodness world? We must.

Being able to place yourself in the other man's place is one of the basic principles of living. It is but another way of writing the golden rule. But if you haven't any imagination of course you can't think what you would like if you were the other fellow and you blunder along.

Imagination is at the bottom of successful business. You cannot sell goods unless you have the ability to think how the other man is going to look at them. You cannot plan for his capture because you cannot follow his mind as it weighs and measures and decides—against you.

You will not be able to make goods that will sell because you haven't the power to imagine what people would like. You cannot see with another's eyes, hear with another's ears and act in another's place. You have no imagination.

All creative work springs from a cultivated, trained imagination. Without it you can never write a story, paint a picture, or make a statue. You will never be able to write for the movies or act in them either. And—I saved this to the last for it is very important—you will never learn how to cook. Cooks who had no imagination are responsible for more wrecked homes than any one dreams of.

Imagination is the very essence of worth-while work, creative work. If you have none, you must be a hewer of

wood and a drawer of water all your days, though you live in a palace and "sup upon strawberries, sugar, and cream."

Then preserve the imagination of childhood. Guard it as a precious possession. Don't meet it with long faces and solemn reprimands. Use it. Teach it. Make room for it in the school and the home. Lead the child to be a creative worker if this essence of creation is in him.

When the small boy rides astride a stick and tells you he is charging upon the savage lion who lives under the table, be afraid of the lion.

When the little girl dresses up in the old-fashioned dresses she found in the attic and tells you she is Grandmother Bliss come to tea, serve tea for the lady.

When she makes new and fearful dishes, encourage her to keep on. She will learn by her failures. When the high-school girl writes poetry, cheer her on. The effort will not be lost.

The imagination is at once the web and the woof and the glittering embroidery of life. Treasure it for the children's sake.

§ 18. *NONSENSE*

Children love nonsense and it is good for them. They love nonsense rhymes and nonsense stories and nonsensical conversations. They thrive on them. Most of their command of language is gained through them.

Did you ever learn Lear's nonsense alphabet when you were a child? It's lots of fun. There's a nonsense verse for every letter. The children sing them over and over and giggle joyously between the lines.

"G" always gives the children trouble but it vanishes when they learn the rhyme for it and the sound—that comes at the end in a burst of laughter.

> G is for goat all spotted with brown,
> When he doesn't lie still,
> He walks up and down.
> G, g, g,
> Good little goat.

You make noises with those last g's and stamp your foot and the goat jumps up and you laugh heartily.

I thought of the nonsense alphabet and the fun the children got out of it and how much they learned by it when a mother scolded her little girl for chanting the same rhyme over and over again.

"Stop that silly nonsense," her mother commanded. "Stop it and if you want to chant something, chant 'My Shadow.' That at least will teach you something."

I shuddered and hoped she wouldn't. She didn't. She moved away a bit and kept on singing her song:

> Mousey, dousey, bowsey, tousey,
> Made his cheese in his little housey,
> Wee-ee-ee—diddle—dousey.

She chanted it over and over raising her voice to a squeak on the last *ee* and bringing both feet down with an emphatic thump at the end.

She was learning to use the English language in the best possible way for her to learn it, through experiment and practice.

"A little nonsense now and then is relished by the best of men" and little children. If you have forgotten all your Mother Goose rhymes and you have children about you, buy a new edition as soon as possible and go straight through the book with them.

And if you haven't a copy of Lear handy now is the best time to get one. The children need his nonsense. Maybe you do too.

§ 19. *"THINK AGAIN"*

A CHILD struggles with a task and goes wrong. His teacher or parent comes along and says, "No. That isn't right. Think again." The troubled youngster looks at the mess and wonders how he is to get around it. He hasn't mastered the principle of the job and is floundering about hoping to strike the right answer somehow, some way. Telling him to think again is only adding to his difficulty. He has not thought the first time as yet. He has no basis for the thinking. Perhaps it is not a matter for thinking at all, just a matter of remembering a rule.

Take long division now. That process worries children more than any other because the sequence of processes is difficult to remember and there are so many opportunities for making mistakes. You can add wrong and subtract wrong and multiply and divide wrong and any one of the lot kills the job. When a little fellow sits fretting over such a task why tell him to think? He hasn't the remotest notion of where to look for the mistake or what to do when he has found it.

Help him. List the steps for him; divide, multiply, subtract, bring down and begin all over again. Then put your finger on his first mistake and say, "See, you said four times four is eight and that sent you off the track. Take a new piece of paper and begin again and it will come all right."

Now he sets cheerfully to work because he sees his way to getting the thing done sometime before school closes, or before bedtime if it is his home work. Telling him sweetly to think again maddens him to the point of resistance where you call him "obstinate."

Of course the notion behind it is that he shall strengthen

his mental muscles and form the habit of thinking a thing through for himself and learning to rely on his own power. But if the basis of work is not there, if the child does not know what he is supposed to do and how to do it the only thing that is strengthened by your pleasant "think again" is his disgust for the thing he is wrestling with.

Too much time and energy is wasted in this sort of teaching. There are times when a child should be given the information he needs quickly, tersely, clearly, in order that he may do some work. He can't work without his material.

"He was given his lesson and he was told exactly, precisely what to do and he simply forgot it. Now he ought to be made to think." That's nonsense and most wasteful nonsense where children are concerned. Remembering is hardly thinking. If he forgot then the best thing to do is to tell him again and if he keeps forgetting have him write the table or the list or the errand down clearly, read it to you once every morning and once every afternoon until he remembers it. But that is not "thinking again." It's something quite different. Very good in its place, quite necessary, but not thinking.

§ 20. *THE STORY-TELLER*

"Mother, there is a little man in the flower garden."

"Is there, son? What's he doing there?"

"He's in the blue lily eating a sandwich."

"Imagine. What sort of a sandwich could it be?"

"Hm. Potato. And the juice ran down his chin and he wiped it with his hanky and it fell on the flower bed and I picked it up and put it in my pocket. I did."

"Poor little man. Maybe he'll want to cry a little and then what'll he do for a hanky?"

"Let him cry. He can wipe his eyes on the edge of his blouse. But he won't cry. He told me he wouldn't. He said he wouldn't have a stomach ache from eating potatoes. He ate and ate and ate and ate."

"My, my. What happened him then?"

"And then he busted all up," and Billy rolled over into his mother's lap laughing hilariously at the inglorious end of his fairy tale.

Four-year-olds love to tell stories like that. Love to have you help tell them and enjoy the final catastrophe. They generally end that way. You see the story "busts up," so the hero must.

Do let them spin their tales without correcting them. Let the English alone and let the moral alone. There isn't any moral in a child's story. Just imagination and that is so precious a possession that it should be shielded against the slightest hint of chill. It's so scarce in the grown-up world and so sadly missed.

The man who sells other men hats would make us all so much better looking and so much happier if he only had been permitted to carry a grain of imagination along with him from childhood up.

The writer who builds the stories in the magazines would be able to give us such stores of pleasure if only his mother had been a bit more discriminating and perhaps more patient. (Or perhaps, now that I think of it, a bit more imaginative herself.) The whole civilized world seems bent upon squeezing the imagination out of us and turning us all into a column of statistics or a catalogue of characteristics that pertain to earning a living by the sweat of our brows.

There is nothing to be alarmed about when a child begins weaving stories. There is much to rejoice in however. Imagination is the basis of creative work and its price is beyond that of the fabled rubies. Don't mix creative imagination and lying. The child has no thought of lying and will not have if his creative imagination is fed and kept growing healthily through exercise.

Understand that a story is a work of art. He will understand that too. Let it come freely till it "busts all up." His mind will be the richer and his morals the safer.

§ 21. *HIS CAREER*

It was almost time for the bell to ring. The children were playing about or idling in groups with an eye to the door that must soon open and let them rush for first place in line. Perched on the stone balustrade sat a little boy showing the traces of a most careful grooming. His neat brown shoes were shining, the taut stockings showed straight ribs from ankle to knee, no careless hand had adjusted them. The starched round collar that set so trigly about his neck curved away from a great bow of gorgeous color. A very spruce, clean little boy.

A low iron door in the wall opened and the janitor crawled through backward, grunted stormily, struggled to his feet and faced the immaculate little boy. A second little boy, attracted by the unusual sight of the haughty janitor crawling out of the brick wall of the school exactly like a very stout ground mole, panted up and lodged himself firmly against the balustrade beside the first one.

"Gee," sighed the shining one. "I'm going to be even dirtier than him. I'm going to be a' engineer and get my face all over black grease and my brown overalls all sticky-shiny, I am."

Now Micky, the second lad, was short on imagination but normally strong on ambition and reach. To have all the dirt in the world gobbled up like this the very first thing in the morning was too much. He placed a firm fist under the jaw of the boaster and pushed him head over heels into the soft flower bed below. But the boaster clutched frantically and held fiercely and there were two small boys rolling over and over in Michael's litter-strewn tulip bed before one could say, "Ouch."

The bell rang and the doors swung open. Both com-

batants sprang up and rushed for the line, brushing and shaking themselves as they went. Miss Lavinia's sharp eye caught them as they broke through the doorway. Astonishment and horror swept her face as a clearer view disclosed their plight.

"Fighting. The first thing in the morning. Your clothes ruined. You're a mess. Both of you go to the dressing room and clean up. One help the other. Every minute after the work bell that you lose, you take from recreation period this afternoon. Shameful."

Which was nothing extraordinary but for what happened about mid-morning. A smiling mother stopped in the office to see me. "I just stopped in on my way by to tell you that at the end of this term I wish you would take steps to give Gerald [the clean little boy] an extension of his English work. You see he told me yesterday that he was going to be a minister and I thought that instead of some of the shop work he is taking you might be glad to send him into the dramatic and elocution rooms oftener," and she beamed so happily at me that I didn't have the heart to tell.

He'll select many a career before the real one selects him. That's a way the children have. Let them live in each until they outgrow it and don't be grieved when they do outgrow it. The real one is coming and the short, strange ones they adopt from time to time nourish the one that is on the way. That's their only value.

§ 22. *YOU NEVER CAN TELL*

Maybe you have a child who has a hard time in school and at home and abroad. The teachers send home discouraging reports and the neighbors have an attitude of toleration and pity for you when they are not actively complaining about him.

"He cannot do arithmetic." "He is very inattentive." "He never seems to care what is said to him but makes exactly the same mistake the next opportunity." "Of course I don't want to complain. I have children of my own and I know what they are but really your son does seem to go out of his way to be annoying. He dug a great hole right in the front lawn and threw the dirt all over the front porch."

As each report comes in you groan and try to think up some remedy that will at least check the stream of correspondence. But nothing seems to work. You keep him in from play, you tell him he can't have his wheel this birthday. You tell him that he will have to fill the holes in the neighbor's lawn and that he must stay on the porch all week.

And the next mail brings a wail from the Sunday-school teacher that begs you to see that he knows the Golden Text for next Sunday as he has failed to recite one for months.

I don't know. They come like that sometimes. Sort of mixed up in transit, I think. Examination reveals nothing very striking. He is not feeble-minded. He is not a mathematician. He is not a "best mind"—yet.

But you keep right on teaching him and watching for some sign of interest and personal initiative. The first time he elects to do something that he has not been or-

dered to do let him do it with all his might. If he follows that line be glad. The fact that he has elected to mend the leaking pipe in the kitchen sink does not at all indicate that he is to be a plumber. It does indicate that his mind is alive and that it is working out through the tangled mazes that hinder it.

And cheer up. Cheer yourself up by reminding yourself that Homer was called a dunce. Folks said that Newton was weak-minded. Teachers called Gibbon a dullard. Scott had a hard time convincing folk that he was really intelligent. They called him a numskull. You see? You never can tell. When you plant a bulb in the earth it sits there for weeks and months, a dull, brown thing doing nothing at all but quietly and persistently growing roots under ground. When the time comes it comes right up with the blossoms. The stronger the underground growth, the sturdier and richer the blossom.

And cheer him up. Think of the Music Master as Dave Warfield plays him, "If nobody wants you, I want you," and watch him. His eyes will shine, his head will lift, his steps will quicken, and the underground growth will proceed. You never can tell.

§ 23. *FOOLING HIMSELF*

There is a kind of child who systematically fools himself. No matter what comes or goes he tells himself that he is on top and all's well. The fact that he has failed signally is hustled out of his consciousness with the speed of lightning. It is buried without a sign to mark its resting place and a nice new structure of glittering success raised in its stead.

When the returns of examination day show him to be outclassed he goes home with a story of what a difficult examination it was and what a slaughter among the innocents there had been.

"And what did you get?"

"O, I failed of course, but everybody else did. Why, Tobias—and you know what a shark Tobias is—failed. Got a worse mark than I did even." He does not say, as he might say was he not so busily engaged in fooling himself, that Tobias was really making a try at an examination two grades above his own and making a fine showing at that, taking all things into consideration.

When he plays in a contest of any sort and loses he is loud in praise of his good shots and darkly, deeply silent on the bad ones. "I was pitching in fine form. Never better. Of course the other side had Bennett up. They ought to be disqualified for it too. He is twice as tall as any other fellow on the team. If I had his reach he wouldn't have had a look in."

"Well, did you win?"

"O, no, we didn't win. You can't expect to win if they put up fellows that oughtn't to be allowed to qualify."

"Then why were they allowed to play? Doesn't the organization—"

"Of course it does but they couldn't exclude them because they are the right weight and class. Just the same it wasn't right."

He's so absorbed in fooling himself that he forgets, actually is teaching himself to forget, the poor plays he made, the poor teamwork he displayed.

At school, at home, in all his walks abroad, he is the same wordy success, the same practical failure. He is building up a habit of self-deception that is going to handicap him all his life long. Train it out of him quickly.

The minute he begins glossing over his failure strip the covering off it and good-naturedly show him that the failure is his own. Teach him that the service of a failure is to teach one to measure one's self, amend one's error, to lighten one's road by the lamp of experience.

Weeping helplessly over a failure is silly but refusing to look one in the face and utilize it is dangerous. Don't let a child fool himself.

§ 24. *A CHILD'S EDUCATION*

EDUCATING a child is not a one-person job. It is not, as so many people seem to think, a job that any grown-up can start and complete according to his plan without consulting at all the child who is to be educated.

It is not possible to take a child and, by educating him as his instructor wills, make another child of him. That is possible only if the child wishes to be educated that way and if he has the possibilities that can be educated that way. The teacher must educate the child presented to him and not one of his creative imagination.

The child comes to us with certain instincts and tendencies that make for him a definite equipment. It is possible, with his consent, to modify that equipment so as to increase its power and decrease its handicaps. It is not possible to give him anything that he has not in the beginning.

But, and here lies all the glory and magic of the power of the teacher, it is possible to put the child in such an attitude of mind that it will be possible for him to add and subtract from himself all that he will. He can be led to shed all that is mean and unlovely and to put on all that is fine and beautiful about himself until he is clothed as with a new raiment.

This is real work for the real teacher. No policeman can capture or command a mind, no material force can control one. Spirit speaks to spirit, mind to mind. This the teacher knows.

How get at this mind? Minds are shy and aloof and retreat to the inner fastness. Shall we make a mistake and try to force them out to meet us? That is the great mistake.

When the mind of a child recoils and the child sits dumbly before us we insist upon forcing our teaching. His body moves in obedience to our command. He makes obeisance and we say, "He learns."

We found him uninterested as we talked of numbers and signs and quantities so we gave him many examples to work out and laboriously corrected his errors. We examined him and he passed. "He learns," we said.

Truly he learns. But what? To hide himself from us. To pursue in secret and in peace the thoughts he likes best to think and we have not the slightest notion of what they are or toward what they move. If he is going wrong we do not know it and are powerless to help him. If he is going right, if he is soaring where we fluttered, if he is marching ahead where we loitered, if he is spiritually rich where we are impoverished, we do not know it.

Only the teacher who understands the shy mind of a child can ever hope to help one grow, which is but another way of saying that only he who is educated truly can educate at all.

§ 25. *KNOW YOURSELF*

If you would bring up a child in the way that is best to your thinking, sit down by yourself and examine into what sort of person you are. Take your works apart and list them. Put all that you think are good in one column; these you are going to polish up and pass on to the child if possible. Put all that are not worth while, or worse, in the other column; these are to be thrown out so that by no accident will they reach the youngster.

Children take on growth and color from the people they are closest to, imitating their speech and gestures and manners and as all these are the result of a habit of thought, he acquires that habit. That is why you have to sit down and meditate upon your ways before setting out to train a child.

If Betty has a habit of criticizing everybody she meets unfavorably until she is in danger of finding herself without a friend, look to yourself. Are you sure that you have not taken upon yourself the post of town sheep-dog, barking everybody into line?

If Tommy grouches when he is asked to do a small service until nobody will willingly ask him to do the least thing, are you sure you have not taken the attitude, "Let them wait on themselves. I'm not here to serve them. What do they think I am?"

If the children quarrel daily and shout at one another in irritation until the neighbors say, "Most disagreeable children," are you sure that you go out of your way to avoid argument and that your voice must be listened for, that it may be heard?

If the children neglect their lessons and put off the work that is due from day to day finally bringing home a report that states that they are weeks behind in their assignments,

are you sure that you meet all your duties promptly and cheerfully, doing to-day's work to-day or even the day before so as to meet each day with a clean slate?

There's an old proverb, "As the old cock crows the young one learns." What you do, your child will do. What you think, he will think. What you are, he is. Take heed to yourself. Choke down the scolding you are preparing for him and go apart with yourself and talk to yourself before you talk to him. Then talk with your deeds. You will find them much stronger than any words you can muster.

When you do speak ask him why he did the thing you are displeased about and help him to find the reason. Once he finds it and sees clearly where the trouble lies and to what it is leading he will usually set about correcting it right cheerfully.

True he seems to imitate our weakness rather than our strength but isn't that because there is more of it? It counts in sheer bulk.

Guiding Principles

> Another important function of the public school in a democracy is the discovery and development of the gift of capacity of each individual child. . . . To make the most of any individual's peculiar power, it is important to discover it early, and then train it continuously and assiduously.—Charles W. Eliot

A child comes into the world neither a blank piece of paper upon which we may write indelibly, nor a sponge which will soak up or absorb that with which he comes in contact. Certain traits physical and mental are fixed by his ancestry. These may be checked and modified but never eradicated. Environment and training are vital but heredity is the base of the triangle of life.

To-day we speak of intelligence quotients, chronological, mental, subject, psychological, social and physiological ages of boys and girls. These at best are crude attempts to evaluate individuals, but indicate gropings in the right direction. We build on individual needs. Boys and girls develop, learn, understand as individuals, not *en masse*. Every child needs opportunity to make the most of his abilities as an individual.

A child is born into a social inheritance so vast, so complex, so appalling, so changing that nothing about it appears static. Yet every individual is a social being and as such must needs reconcile his individuality to his group, his fellow citizens. The world needs leaders, soloists; but it also needs numbers of helpers, coöperatively working together. Both of these needs, both of these types of individuals, must receive training in our schools. Indeed each kind of individual needs some of both kinds of training. To supply both these needs and allow each child his own per-

sonality is an art. Our goal is to make boys and girls socially coöperative, without destroying individuality and initiative. Nature equips every child a little differently from any other. No two are made from exactly the same pattern. Only a master teacher can weave all these into a coöperative society, without destroying the differences.

This learning process is slow and continuous. It is, however, sure. The child's native endowment is acted upon ceaselessly by his environment. As water finally wears away a stone, so the child gradually reacts to his environment. This reaction, or modification of his original nature is what we call learning. It begins at birth and ends only with death with the normal person. The school's part in this learning process is but a drop in the bucket for learning on the part of the child knows no limits of time or place. Environment acting upon what heredity has given is the basis of learning.

Problems

1. What does a teacher need to know about her pupils as a class?
2. Of what value are intelligence and achievement tests to the teacher? Are there dangers connected with their use?
3. What information needs always to supplement findings of standard tests? Why?
4. What happens when a child "learns"? How may teachers assist in this "learning process"?
5. How can you account for problem, project, and socialized recitation as methods in our schools?
6. How has the process of education become more "natural"? Is it possible that public education may ever cease to be somewhat artificial? Why?
7. What is the place of the teacher in the process of education to-day?

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Part Four

The Child and His Teacher

§ 1. *MY TEACHER*

The teacher I want for my children is somewhere abroad on this earth and so that I shall know him when I meet him I have made a picture of him like this.

He has a deep and abiding faith in childhood. He believes in its essential goodness. And this without blindness to faults or sentimentality toward childish sweetness.

He knows how to smile. He has the sort of smile that begins in his eyes and glows behind his face for an instant and then breaks in ripples of joy until it spreads to his ears. A smile that flashes through dancing eyes and over glistening teeth. A big, wide, heart smile.

He has deep silences. Not the petulant silence of the easily offended. The thoughtful, full silence of great strength. The silence of the great rock that stands to the weather, sun or storm. The silence that the children feel as strength. Friendly, brooding, gentle, calm.

When he teaches children he keeps his hands off them. He neither touches them nor their work. He knows that to do so is to impose his own groping mind upon their own, a shadow upon darkness, and he stands back that his light may shine out.

The real teacher is humble toward his work. He knows that he is working upon the subject of the Creator and that there are mysteries here that are not for him to question, he must merely prepare the way that they may shine forth. He works constantly in the hope of a revelation.

The scientific attitude is his. He never asserts his knowledge. He accepts the word of to-day and works ahead toward that of to-morrow with an open and questioning mind. A searcher and not a dogmatist.

Children are happy where he is. They follow him about.

They watch his comings and his goings. All he says is of interest to them; all he does, what they long to do. Truly. Because he loves them.

When some one questions his way he stands firm because he has the authority born of knowledge and experience. He will not do what he believes to be against the interests of his children and that is his guiding rule in all his relations.

This teacher of mine knows how to play. He has a hobby of some sort. When he is resting he turns to it and his eyes light up and his step quickens as he loses himself in it. He can work the better because he knows how to rest.

He has an ideal, this teacher of mine, an ideal; something through which he sees the world, a world on fire with noble impulses and splendid deeds. Somewhere on this earth is my teacher. Search for such a one for your own.

§ 2. *FAITH*

When everything goes wrong with the boy or the girl, hold fast to your faith in the rightness and goodness of the youngster. It is always there. The silly things they do, the wrong things they do, are not so real as the underlying goodness that is sure to come uppermost if you will just hold on the faith that it will.

When a child disobeys and does what you fear to have him do the first impulse is to punish him. "Make him feel how bad he has been" is the idea. The next is to weep over him and bemoan the bad end he is coming to one day.

The prophecy of evil to come brings its shadow with it. It often brings more than its shadow. It brings about the thing you feared for the child. The old folk used to say, "Call a dog a thief and he'll steal." To-day we say, "Suggestion is one of the most powerful influences in the life of a child. A thought is a force. What you wish for your child he will become."

Nobody wishes a child to become anything but a fine character. Of course not. But many people set about unmaking a fine character in the strongest way known to educators to-day—by dwelling on the wrong things and pointing out what will surely come to pass as a result.

A child that is told that he is useless and worse believes it. It is easier for him to believe that he is wrong and weak than it is for him to believe that he is right and strong. But he has to believe in his power and righteousness if he is to have any and the only way he can get the right belief is for you to instill it into his very being. Night and morning tell him that he is a good child and that you are counting on him. He'll believe you if you believe

yourself. He will respond to your faith in him. Faith works miracles.

It won't do to pretend you have faith in him and then go right on doubting his ever amounting to anything. He senses your feeling. You don't talk to children with your tongue as much as you talk to them with your mind. They get the message from your mind before your slow tongue speaks. You cannot deceive them. Your wordless message carries directly and the impression is made deeply although either tongue would have been hard put to it to get the idea into words.

That's why faith, so deep, so inarticulate, so staunch, speaks a stronger, truer, surer word than any tongue can utter. The careless heedless young one running pell-mell into things that bruise and wound him and gathering himself up, stunned and ashamed, hears that message from his mother's heart, "I am your mother who believes in you. Though you fall a thousand times you will rise and conquer. I am your mother who believes in you."

And he rises; rises as high as her faith mounts. Is it not written, "According to your faith be it unto you"? I know it is true for children.

§ 3. *HOW TO DO IT*

"It all depends upon how you put it to a child," said the oldest teacher. "It all depends upon what attitude you take toward a child that counts. You can get him to do almost anything if you only go about it right."

"Tell us how," groaned the youngest teacher. "I can't get some of them to do anything. I have to fight for everything and then keep them in after school."

"That's where you're wrong. You should never keep a child after school as a punishment. Staying after hours should be a privilege. Allow him to stay instead of making him stay. Make them feel that the dismissal bell is an interruption."

"I wish I could. I wish I could make Jimmie feel like that. The only thing the bell interrupts for him is his meanness. Some boys will never be any good. He's one of them."

"My dear, one of the greatest teachers in this country is a man who runs a big school for the feeble-minded in Vineland, New Jersey. His children are all topsy-turvy, yet he teaches them and controls them by giving them privileges instead of punishments.

"Going to school is a privilege. Working is a privilege. Singing, dancing, playing, digging ditches, it is all the same. They are looked upon as great privileges.

"A smile from the 'Professor,' the name they give their head master, is a royal reward. A boy will work all day at the hardest sort of labor to win a 'First rate, Timothy. Good boy,' from him at the end of the day."

"But Jimmie isn't feeble-minded."

"So much the better for Jimmie and for you. He is a normal boy and praise and encouragement are the breath

in their nostrils. Try the Vineland man's plan. What is it that Jimmie does?"

"Throws papers around the room all day long. I can stand anything else he does but that. What would your man say to do with him?"

"He'd take him aside and say very confidentially, so earnestly, so gravely that Jimmie would be all eyes and ears, 'Jimmie, somebody is throwing papers all about the place. Makes a bad mess. I wish you'd help me. Keep an eye out for the fellows that are doing it and see that they stop it, will you?' "

"But Jimmie is bright. He'd know."

"Perhaps he would and perhaps he wouldn't. None so blind as those who won't see and most of us love to think we are carrying responsibility and are helping the world move along. Try it on Jimmie."

It always works. Reward when you can possibly do so. Cheer and encourage and praise always. Give the children a share in the job, then add an appeal for help. When it's "our job" it's so different from when it's "your" job.

§ 4. *WHY?*

Humility is one of the virtues. The next time you feel in danger of losing yours try to answer the questions of a three-year-old child as readily as he asks them. Try to answer them intelligently. Try to find ideas and words that will make the answers plain to your questioner.

Remember that this child is not asking questions just to use his voice. Sometimes he does that too, but you will soon recognize the quality of that sort of question. Generally he is asking for information and hopes that you have it for him.

"What is that?"

"That is a cow."

"Why?"

I didn't know what to say so I said, "H-h-m."

"Why is that a cow?"

"I think it is a cow because it gives us milk to drink."

"Why does she give us milk?"

I was going to say "Because she likes us," but I remembered in time that she was a bad-tempered milker and checked myself in time. "Perhaps because we take it from her."

"Does her like that? Does her like us to take her milk away?"

"We say 'she' when we speak about her."

"You said 'her.' You said it just now. Didn't you? Was that a bluebird that flew over there?"

"No, I don't think there are any bluebirds here now. They all went away to the south."

"Why?"

"Because it is too cold for them here in winter."

"It's too cold for me too. Do you like it so cold?"

"No."

"Then why is it so cold?"

"I think because God makes it cold."

"Isn't that funny. Mother said it was warm because God made the sun shine. Does He?"

"Yes."

"Is God a kind man?"

"Yes."

"Then why don't He make it warm for the little birds and—and—everything?"

"I don't know."

"Oh!"

Sooner or later you come to the "I don't know." It is a lesson in humility and we need it, we grown folk who try to guide children.

§ 5. *FIRST-YEAR TEACHER*

The right sort of school makes the child who enters it feel that he is welcome. The building makes him feel that he has been expected and preparations have been made for his coming. It has wide windows and many of them. A child likes to feel that the outdoors that he knows is within seeing distance. The sun peeps in and reassures him. The branches of a tree tap with friendly fingers against the windowpane.

The steps of the entrance are broad and low and easy. The door swings open wide at the lightest touch. Once inside the child is at home, among his friends.

He meets the teacher. She is the hostess. Everything about her makes the child glad that he came. Her dress is so pretty. The bit of color or the touch of lace attracts his beauty-loving eye and holds it. Children love pretty things. Her voice is low and pleasant. He listens carefully lest he lose a syllable of what she is saying as she bids him welcome. He sighs with satisfaction and sinks into a seat as near to her as he can get.

The first day, the first term, the first teacher, makes a deep and lasting impression. If the memory is one of welcome the child will love school and all that belongs to it. The memory of that welcoming school and class and teacher will carry him over many a day of gray drudgery. The grayness and the drudgery are bound to come, but they have lost their grimness because they have been shadowed upon a background of joy.

There is a first-year teacher who has the happiest "first days" you can imagine. She says that her first day in school has lived in her memory as a day of dread and

terror, and as long as she has the opportunity she will try to make the "first day" of her children a glad one.

She puts on her prettiest dress and "does" her hair. She tries to make the room attractive. It is a pleasant, sunny room. The desks are rubbed until they shine. The row of jolly friendly animals that march along the low blackboard look as though they had just stepped out of Mother Goose to greet the children. The pictures in the room are colored prints of old nursery favorites and they hang low enough for four-foot-short to get a good view. There are gay, colored fishes that swim about in the bowl. There are gay flowers on a broad, squatty table. Toys peep out of the cupboards that run around the room close to the floor.

The pencils are big, shiny, yellow ones, "spandy new." Your point won't break even if you let it fall on the floor. It runs around the pattern of the "Little Red Hen" almost without your telling it to. Just as easy.

The lessons are all short and easy. Everybody is made to feel that he is very clever and that the teacher has found it out.

And the bell rings and you are sorry that the first day is over.

§ 6. *GO AND COME*

"I'm dreadfully worried about my children," sighed the visiting lady. "Now you don't seem to have any trouble with yours. Some folk have all the luck."

After she went home Gram laid down her knitting and polished her specs. "The trouble with her is that she doesn't know how to get her children to follow her. She always says, 'Go,' but she never says, 'Come.'

"She said they were afraid to go down cellar because it was lonesome and dark. Well, she told them to 'go down.' Of course they didn't want to go alone. If she had said, 'Come down cellar with me,' and led the way they'd soon go down there as a matter of course.

"It's the same thing about going to bed. I know. I've heard her. She sits on the porch or in the sitting room rocking and calls out, 'Children, go to bed.' Of course they don't want to go. You know going to bed means shutting off all the interesting things that are going on and losing sight of all the people about.

"Children do not like to be out of sight of grown folks as a general thing. They want to see or hear or feel them about them and at night it's harder for them to be alone because of the darkness. Darkness changes things so.

"If she would lay down whatever she was doing and call 'Time to get ready. Come along after me,' and start off, they'd be right after her. But no, she says, 'Go.'

"She complains because they don't want to go to church or Sunday school. Now children are intelligent. They think that if church is as good for them as their mother says it is she would go there herself. She doesn't. She says, 'Get ready for church. Go on to church.' If she dressed and went along with them they would march there

as a matter of course. The 'go' business doesn't work at all.

"But there's one place she doesn't have to say 'Go' to. She never has a bit of trouble getting them to start right off on time. They're waiting and ready to go to the movies because mother is going with them. She goes herself and she takes them. That's what I'm saying. When you want them to do anything say 'come,' instead of 'go,' until they get a good start and then they'll go ahead without any coaxing," and Gram rolled up the wool and stuck the needles through and called, "Come, you youngsters. Pick up the dolls and the papers and the scissors and we'll go upstairs and scrub up for dinner."

There are few of us who would not rather have some one say "come" than "go." This world is a lonesome place at best and when there is a hint of companionship, though it be but the love misery has for company, it raises and warms our hearts and we move cheerfully forward.

"Go" is chilly and speaks of the lonesome road. We lag and hold back in the hope of a lift and a word of cheer. Children need that more than we do, yet we keep the "come" for our grown-up friends and are lavish with the "go" on the children. 'Tisn't fair.

§ 7. *TWO SMILES*

THERE is no sense in trying to deceive children. They see through all our masks. They disregard all our disguising wrappings and peer right down into the depths of us and see us as we are. They have a second sight. When they grow up and put on their masks and wrappings they lose it. That may be a punishment for growing up. However—

Sister was a bundle of loving impulses. She looked into your eyes invitingly and if she read the right answer in yours, jumped at you and loved you thumpingly, gurgling and chirping her gladness at finding you.

When her fifth birthday came she begged to be allowed to go to kindergarten. "It's lovely, mumsie. Lovely. All the little children are there and they play beautiful games, mumsie.

"They make believe they are birds and rabbits and kittens and jump and fly and sing and dance. And the teacher shows you such gorgeous things to do. I don't know the names of them but they are all stuck together and you carry them home to show your mother.

"I'd love to go and have fun, can't I mumsie?"

"Perhaps you wouldn't like it so much after you got there. You know there are rules in the kindergarten. You have to sit down when the teacher says so and maybe you wouldn't want to. What about that?"

"O, I'd want to if the teacher said to."

So mumsie took a happy, excited child to kindergarten. She carried home a doubt as to Sister's complete happiness in that room. It was very bright and sunny and the children looked very sweet as they sat in the circle and looked at the teacher who talked to them in low, steady tones.

That was it. Those tones. They were almost too level. A few ups and downs in them would have been more heartening, thought mumsie.

Still Sister said she liked it. She brought home the pasted things and she planted a bean in a paper pot and forgot all about them immediately. She never volunteered any information about the kindergarten—just let it drop off her mind when she entered the house.

"Funny," mumsie murmured. "She always has so much to say. Bubbles over about everything. Funny."

One day Sister tumbled up the steps and whirled into the living room. Her eyes were dancing and her tongue tripping with something that she wanted to say all in a piece.

"O, mumsie. What do you think? The best thing. The old teacher has went away and we have a new one. And O, mumsie, she's grand. She smiles with her eyes. You know the old one only smiled with her teeth. And this one likes me. O, mumsie, isn't it grand?"

It is useless to try to deceive children. They may respect our reticence, but they always know all about the thing we are hiding.

§ 8. *OLD STYLE—NEW STYLE*

"He disobeyed me," said the teacher. "He disobeyed me and then when I corrected him for it he talked back to me."

"I'm sorry he disobeyed you, but what can I do?"

"What can you do? Why if you teach him to obey you at home he will have the habit of obedience and I will not have this trouble with him."

"But I tell him and tell him. The next time he does just the same. I tell him he must do what you say. He goes to school. I cannot see what he is doing. I cannot go with him. You must make him do what you say."

The teacher said the same things again. So did the mother. The situation was rapidly becoming strained. The atmosphere was full of "musts" and "obeys" when the drawing master came into the room. He was rattling the keys in his pocket, smiling at something that seemed to please him.

The dialogue was at its height. The mother would but could not. The teacher could not because mother would not. So the story ran. The drawing master chuckled out loud. The mother turned to him with relief at the suggestion of a rift in the gloom.

"You are wrong, ladies. You are awfully old-fashioned for such young people. The word obey was dropped from the service. It is not 'obey.' It is 'cherish.' Cherish, that's the word.

"Come, now, and I'll give you a lecture for nothing at all. Teaching children is very much like making a picture. My profession and yours are very much alike after all. All roads lead to teaching if they lead anywhere.

"Now if my brush and color do not bring out what I want, I don't say 'must' to the brush and the color. No,

no. I cherish that brush and that color. I talk kindly to them. Are they not the children of my hands? Are they not doing what my mind directs?

"I make a daub. My mistake. I lift off the color tenderly lest I injure the canvas. I search the light. Is it good? Does it fall right? Have I the perspective? Have I the idea or do I merely wish I had it? Am I honest about the thing I want to lay upon that canvas? Am I limning truth or am I pleasing my lazy soul?

"Is the product bad? I made it. I alone. The workmanship is poor? Mine was the hand that traced it. Shall I fall upon the material I work with? Condemn it? Stamp upon it?

"No, no. I shall cherish it. I shall dream again and more truly. I shall work again and more deftly. I shall cherish, cherish, cherish the work of my hands until I am the master and they are my own."

Cherish is the word. I like it.

§ 9. *WHEN IN DOUBT*

Ryan looked gloomy. He let his pipe go out and growled about the tobacco.

"What's gone wrong?" asked Phillips.

"O, nothing much and yet I'm troubled about it. One of my boys did something to-day and I don't know what to do about it. I don't know whether to punish him or ignore his offense altogether. I don't know whether to tell his people or keep it to myself. It's one of those things you dread to make worse by speaking about and fear to ignore lest it become a habit."

"Did he ever do it before?"

"No."

"When in doubt do nothing. Wait."

"Fine," rasped Ryan. "You are a wonder."

"Best thing to do," puffed Phillips placidly. "I know by experience the things that have cost me most sleep are the things I need never have thought about at all.

"When I began to teach, an inspector visited my room and marked me D on all counts. D—D—D! I worried all night. I couldn't make up my mind what to do. Whether I should go down to headquarters and get my story in early or wait for what happened and take my chances. Bothered my head about it all one night.

"The first thing I saw when I opened the morning paper was that the inspector had died in the night. All my worrying for nothing. When in doubt, wait. Calmly wait."

"I'm serious," said Ryan. "The lad may be going wrong."

"I'm serious too," said Phillips. "And I say do nothing. He may move out of your district to-night. He may be

taken with measles and reform. You never can tell what may happen.

"He may have done this thing for the one time in his life. If you are not sure what to do about it, it is a good sign that you ought to do nothing at all.

"You have a notion that every time a boy does something you ought to do something to match it—keep the balance. You're dead wrong. Most of the time the child is unconscious of any wrong. He is likely to forget this if you give him a chance.

"But you want to plow it into his memory by doing something about it. I tell you when in doubt the best thing to do is to do nothing. Wait. Time will show you what to do."

"If I knew what to do I'd do it," stormed Ryan.

"It's a blessed good thing then that you don't. You'd only make a mess."

§ 10. *BECKIE*

Miss Boyd taught the fifth grade. She pulled the pile of home-work books toward her. Rapidly she sorted them into two piles, the clean and the dirty. The pile of dirty ones seemed larger than ever.

She thought of the children who had handed in those books. "Poor little things." They wanted to be clean. The freshly washed though unironed blouses told that story.

"But I have given some of them three blank books this term and this is only the second month," she sighed. "And again, Beckie's book is ready for burning. I wonder what is the matter there. I'll go down to-night and see if I can find out why that child's work is so messy."

That evening as the teacher stood hesitating in the hallway of the apartment where Beckie lived, she was surrounded by a host of children.

"Who do you want? Beckie? I'll show you. No, I'll show her."

Pushing, scrambling, shoving, the small regiment escorted the teacher to the flat where Beckie lived.

"Here's the teacher. Teacher wants you, Beckie."

A door opened and a woman appeared.

"What do you want?"

"I'm Beckie's teacher. I have a book for her."

"Sure. Come in."

The room was full. People, furniture, clothing, children filled every possible space. A man lay asleep on a couch in a corner. An old woman stirred something that smelled of hot oil and peppers in a pot over a flaring gas flame.

A half-grown girl dressed to go out stood gingerly washing dishes at the piled-up sink. Two little boys about

seven and nine, locked in each other's arms, rolled about the floor like a pair of plump kittens.

Smoke from the hot fat, the flaring gas, and the pipes of the boarders met and mingled in a blue haze over the heads of the group.

Through the open windows came the sounds of the district. Pulley lines screamed, dumb-waiters whistled and banged, garbage cans clattered upon the sidewalk, women called to the children below and they shrilled back in reply.

Mounted on a box wedged in between a wall and the tubs, a baby in the crook of her arm, stood Beckie doing her home work. She beamed across the room at the teacher.

"I brought you a new home-work book, Beckie. I thought you might need it."

"Thanks," said Beckie simply. "I sure did. The baby just tore another leaf out of mine."

§ 11. *THE HELPER*

The first-year class was having a reading test. Miss Lavinia printed the sentences on the board. Each child rose in turn and read her sentence. If she read correctly she went on line. If she failed, she sat in her seat.

Early in the test Rosalie read her sentence correctly. She went on line beaming. As each little girl rose to read Rosalie's face expressed anxiety. She looked from the board to the child's face at each word. Her lips formed the words silently. When the child succeeded she relaxed and smiled and turned to see that a place was made for her. It was plain that Rosalie was taking a keen interest in the success of the class.

Six little girls failed repeatedly. Toward the end of the lesson when it was clear that they would not get a place on the "smart" line Rosalie showed signs of distress.

Nearer and nearer to the little group of downcast children she edged. Miss Lavinia noticed but pretended that she didn't. "Very good. Now the children on line may sit and when you go home to-day you may have a card that says you can read well," said she.

"Wait a minute, wait a minute, please, Miss Lavinia," called out Rosalie. "I'm sure they can read if we give them another chance." Her voice was eager, appealing, almost tearful, and she hurried over to the children still in their seats.

"I did hear them, dear. They are not ready to read yet. We must wait until another day."

"Please, Miss Lavinia. They have to get on line you know. You hear them and I'll help them."

The teacher went to the board and printed the first sentence. "The hen found a seed."

"Now," said Rosalie to the first mourner, "stand right up. You know that. You know the first word."

"The," said the mourner.

"That's it. Now the next word is the one the whole story is about."

"The hen," eagerly called out the child.

"Fine. I knew you could read it. Now it tells what the hen found. Remember?"

"The hen found a seed."

Coached this way the six failures proudly took their places on line. From then on Miss Lavinia allowed Rosalie to "help" them. And they improved wonderfully.

"But the best thing about it is," said Miss Lavinia, "the idea of service that child has. She is a modern St. Francis. She is happy only when she is helping some one else. I hope she never outgrows it."

§ 12. *COAXING*

The fifth was without a teacher. Miss Prouty, for the first time in twenty years, had failed to report for duty. That in itself was exciting. Miss Prouty, sitting sedately in the desk chair, fell into the category of the useful and accepted, though soul-trying, experiences of daily living. Miss Prouty absent was an unusual and thrilling experience. It was fair to assume that whatever was routined was now to be the unexpected, the different, the joyful. There was hilarity in the atmosphere.

The principal introduced the new teacher. She was a pretty girl with a coaxing voice and a coaxing manner. "Now boys, we are all going to do our best. I'm sure each and every boy is going to do all in his power to make dear Miss Prouty happy. Think how grieved she will be to know that any of her boys failed her. Shall we take our pads for arithmetic?"

They took their pads. The whole school knew they took them. They were piled in neat rows on the closet shelf ready for the leaders to distribute but of course the coaxing lady did not know that. The boys did though and they rose to a man and charged on the closet. They were still getting the pads when the principal came back, wrath in his eye and thunder in his voice. "What's the trouble here?"

"We were getting our pads, sir," said William meekly. Willie happened to be nearest the door just then and felt that the collar hanging by a shred, the necktie streaming down his back, the tousled hair, and crumpled jacket needed a word of explanation.

Under the stern eye of the principal the pads were picked up and each lad provided with something to write on and a pencil to write with. Then with a long, meaningful look

at the teacher he went away. But if the teacher got the look she didn't get the meaning.

"Now boys, let's make up for our mistakes. Let's show Mr. Mann how sorry we are for forgetting ourselves. Who will write the first example on the board?"

"Me, teacher." "Let me." "Aw, let him." "Don't you mind him, he's the worst boy in the class." "Here, I'll do it for you teacher." Like a pack of yelping pups they clamored and jumped about, grabbing for a bit of chalk.

The door of the adjoining classroom opened. Miss Harper looked in. She bored a hole in Willie's back with her specs, she froze the gentle, coaxing teacher with a glance. Right, left, up and down traveled the searchlight of her eyes until every lad was in his place assiduously searching for something he had lost. Silence deep, deep, dripped in that room.

"I'll leave this door open. You go on with your work and let me go on with mine. You bother this teacher and remember you bother me and I'll settle with you. Arithmetics—open page seventy-two. Example five. Do the next five. You will correct your own work and William will hand the papers to me. Begin."

And they began. It is fatal to coax a boy. Tell him definitely what you want done and see that it is done promptly. He has respect for your clear statement, for your knowledge of him and his works. He has none at all for the coaxer.

§ 13. *RYAN'S DECORATION*

Ryan did not wear his heart on his coat sleeve. Some folks did not believe he had any he kept it hidden so well. But Rita knew better. She was lame. The infantile paralysis did that. The doctor talked vaguely about her outgrowing it but Rita knew only that she was lame and thought very little about it either way.

For a year or two Rita's classroom was on the first floor. Then she was promoted to the class on the second floor. That was a flight of stairs to climb each day and stairs were hard for Rita. She took a long time to get to the top or the foot of them as she came and went.

Soon after she went up to the second floor the "rapid dismissal" bell rang. No matter how long you have lived in a school that bell makes queer little shivers run up and down your spine. Your nerves are set and tense. You move silently and swiftly; grimly.

Rita heard the bell with a swift feeling of shock and then fear. How could she ever get down in time? The lines move steadily and swiftly. The teacher standing at the head of her long line was wondering the same thing. She remembered with a sharp regret that she should have arranged to have a big boy carry the child down. She never could carry her herself and guide the long line downstairs safely.

Mr. Ryan appeared in the doorway. He picked Rita up as though she were a feather and carried her down the stairs to the street. He placed her in a sheltered corner and told her to wait there until he came back to her.

"He remembered me," Rita whispered to herself. "He didn't forget me. Isn't he good?"

When she went home she told her mother about it and

said, "He carried me just like daddy. You wouldn't think he was like that but he is. And he said he would look out for me himself every time the hurry bells ring so I needn't worry."

When the spring came and the flowers began opening Rita peeped into Ryan's office. He looked very big and stern to the little girl in the doorway. But she advanced bravely holding out a spray of lily of the valley lying on its green, boatlike leaf.

"These are the first lilies to bloom in my garden and I want to give them to you to wear in your buttonhole," and the little hand that held the flowers trembled as she laid them in the big man's hand.

Ryan who never wore a flower in all his life placed the spray in the lapel of his coat and thanked the child gravely. He wore the flowers all day, which was one thing. When he was going home at night he took them out and laid them gently in his bill folder, which was another thing and rather . . . lovely.

§ 14. *NO BAD CHILDREN*

Somewhere in the world there is a lady. I think she is a school-teacher, who is out of patience with me. She wrote me a note, told me much more than she meant to tell me, and made me feel that I wanted to help her right straight off.

"Why," she demands with two exclamation points, "why do you say there are no bad boys? What do you call the one who tortures the kittens and the helpless dogs? What do you call the one who spoils the work of the little children? They are mean, contemptible, mean. Can you cure a cheat? Can you cure meanness? How? For goodness' sake tell me how."

First of all by having a calm, sure mind. I will remember the nine boys and girls who are lovely. I will not allow this one child who is on the wrong track to fill my mental horizon. I will remember that he is but an incident, a trying one to be sure, and not at all past help.

Then I will separate, in my thought of this child, his wrongdoing from his real self. I will say with Dr. Johnstone of Vineland, "He is not bad. He does bad things sometimes." Then I will set to work to find out why he does the things I think are bad, always keeping an impersonal attitude toward them.

Because children have little experience of suffering they do not understand it and do things that are cruel. That stage soon passes with instruction and experience and reading. If it continues until the child is twelve years old, then the thing to do is to have him examined as to his mentality and its proper treatment. A normal, healthy child is not cruel.

Cheating is the evidence of fear. The child who cheats

in school is generally a dull-minded one who is being pushed beyond his capacity by pressure at home or at school and probably both and cheats in self-defense.

Test the child on the basis of an impersonal test, the standard intelligence tests are such, and grade him properly, encourage him to do the work he is fitted to do and praise him when he tries. If he is not driven to obtain marks that are out of his reach he rarely cheats. A normal child soon learns the futility of cheating and ceases to do so. Continued falsifying up to and through adolescence is a signal of distress. Such a child needs the services of the specialist.

My dear lady, whoever you are, learn to take the children to your heart without scalding your soul with their errors. Unless you love them really, you will be very unhappy because you will act as judge and not as guardian angel. Dislike the sin as much as you wish but love the little sinner and your load will be lighter. Normal children tend to rightness. The others need special care and training.

§ 15. *FACTS AND FANCIES*

"I WISH you wouldn't teach children fairy tales. I wish you'd put your energy upon the destruction of such myths as Santa Claus and Cinderella and all such fantastic notions and work to teach children the truth. Teach them to face things as they are."

The gentleman who wrote that to me was very much in earnest. He was so much in earnest that he did what so many earnest souls before him have done—closed his mind to any idea of what was truth save to the one he had chosen for his own. He had made the one final mistake. He believed he knew the Truth.

I'm afraid of folk who believe that. My experience with them is chilling. They exude a frosty blight that lays low all the flowers that beauty-loving folk have planted in the gardens of the world's thought. One blankets his pet fantasies and shelters his delicate tendrils so tentatively feeling out the world of facts at a signal of such frosty presence.

Facts are not always what they seem even to those who cherish and love them best. Every so often a "calm cold fact" emits a little chuckle, turns over on the other side and behold, Cinderella in all her glory was never more radiant than this.

No? Well there's distance. No fact could have been harder or colder than that. But the fairy wand of imagination touched a dreamer here and another there and distance became nearness, and strangers became neighbors, and hope took the place of foreboding, and wonders that the Facts never dreamed of swept the Truth a little closer to the great heart of the universe that men call God.

So I can't stop teaching children about the fairies. I must do my best to keep alive in them that glow of hope

of the unreality of some of the bitter facts that confront them, fan it into a glow of resolution to turn over those facts and see if underneath them there isn't lurking a fairy whose spiriting wings will carry them forward to some newer, better form of truth that will oust the old one and replace its bitterness and hardness and coldness. Humanity seeks the truth but it loves neither hardness nor coldness. And, I take it, neither does God who made us and breathed the breath of life into us.

There was never a time when the world needed its story-tellers more than it does now. Never a time when the tired people who have faced grim facts for weary years only to see stretching ahead of them an endless array of the same hard, cold kind, needed to escape to that higher, better place where the heart may warm itself in its dreams and the jaded mind may rest in drifts of beauty.

I can't stop teaching fairies, you see, because we so much need them.

§ 16. *THE MARCHING SONG*

The class was listless. They moved like wooden dolls. The lessons followed each other in sad, melancholy procession. The teacher was exhausted trying to drag them through the day's program.

The music teacher came in. She brought a little breeze with her. It rippled her hair so a tiny tendril of it escaped and waved jauntily over one ear.

Her feet seemed to dance over the floor and her smile lighted the weary faces of the children. They straightened up in their seats and smiled back.

"What have you done to them?" whispered the teacher. "I've had a dreadful day. I've literally pulled against their dead weight all this day. You came in and they sit up and smile and I feel their weight rising from me. How did you do it?"

"I do that for myself every day. You see I pick out a good marching song when I start out on a day like this. One that will buoy me up and carry me over the dark spots and the bumpy places. To-day I'm working to the 'Humoresque!'

"It's a fine piece of music to carry you along on such days. Try it." Then she turned to the children and gave them their lesson. There was no listlessness now.

Before she left she talked to the class and the teacher. "You know when the army is tired the band plays. You know the reason. Music is just as good for us as it is for the army. Music is just another language.

"It is a language that tells its story of sorrow or joy or prayer or curses or inspiration in sounds instead of words. It suggests thoughts and gives us power to make them

real just as truly as any words can do. Sometimes it speaks more truly than words.

"When you are tired and feel that you cannot go any further you know you must hum to yourself the trumpet calls in the march in 'Aïda.' You will find them lifting you up and carrying you on to victory.

"When you feel things going against you sing the melody of the 'Humoresque.' It will send jolly little thrills up and down your tired backbone and you will find yourself smiling and 'carrying on.'

"Best of all, pick out the music you want to live by; the music that you want your life to keep step to. The grander the theme, the lighter the lilt, the sweeter the melody, the better your life will be."

§ 17. *THE MASTER TEACHER*

There is in every class in school, no matter where the school may be nor how large or how small the class, nor how well it may be graded and grouped, a child who cannot work well with the others. In order to live in the room with him the teacher has to give him more time than he is entitled to have. The attention given to him robs other children and does him no good.

Sometimes he's unruly; likes to annoy those about him; refuses to take the slightest interest in anything the class is doing; and rejoices in the irritation and annoyance he causes. The teacher is usually at her wit's end with him. What can she do? She has, if she is a real teacher, done everything possible to make the work useful and appealing but to no purpose. Effectual discipline is not often possible under the classroom conditions. The teacher is made ill and the loss to the school and the community is far in excess of any profit to the unruly youngster.

Sometimes this trying child is really unfit for the class because his mind is not ready to receive the lessons offered. It may be that he is mentally deficient or again it may be that the deficiency is due to the lack of training at the time when he was ready for it, now passed and not to be recalled except through weary hours of application under expert instruction.

Now and then we find that the obstructionist is a sick child. Not often now, because the schools are rather careful to see that the pupils are in good physical condition and to notify the parents if they are not. Still now and again a child who has a physical defect deep lying, gets into trouble in the classroom as when a lad with a tumor on

his liver struggled to stay in school for two heartbreaking years.

The point is this: The class and the teacher must be relieved of the presence of the child who is blocking progress. The rights of other children have to be respected and the teacher's right to do her best must be preserved. The odd child has rights too. What is to be done for him? What help given him?

There should be in every school a master teacher. To the master goes every such child. He is examined and prescribed for and watched exactly as a patient would be tended under the doctor's care. The teacher ought to be forty years old at least, skilled in child training, wise in the ways of childhood, expert in psychology and hygiene, twinkling with humor, and inspired with an ideal of service. A master teacher.

No, the principal won't do. He has too much to do now. Nobody but one person qualified for the job and in charge of that job only, will do. The services of such a teacher would save money and, far beyond that, children's careers and teachers' sanity.

§ 18. *A PIED PIPER*

Phillips dropped in for the evening chat. Ryan followed soon after him. They smoked in silence until Phillips knocked the bowl of his pipe against his heel and began.

"The physical training inspector came to our school today. Good man. He is one of the few inspectors who have come in and gone out of our school and left an open door behind him. He can come back whenever he likes and we will stop and play with him."

Ryan stirred uneasily and growled. "What do you mean? You certainly don't mean that if the play teacher came in the middle of the lesson period that you would stop lessons and play, do you?"

"That's what I do mean. We are going to be so everlastingly grateful to see him coming that we'll stop whatever we are doing and do whatever he wants to do. Good man." And Phillips rubbed the bowl of his pipe tenderly.

"This morning I saw the fifth going to the gym. They marched along solemnly. They looked as if they might be on their way to the burying ground with their loved and lost.

"I asked them who had died but they wound their way along sadly without telling me. They were going to have their physical training lesson and they were taking it seriously."

"How did you expect them to take it?" growled Ryan. "It's no joke."

"So I found. I went to see what it was all about. They were spread out on the floor, standing at attention. The teachers were on duty, the leader counting, 'one, two, three, four, one, two, three, four,' in deadly monotonous tones. The children jerked their arms in and out stiffly as the

count droned on. Stiff, jerky, lifeless. The children were bored and the teacher was all but dead.

"The door of the gym opened and the inspector pranced in. Pranced is the word. He came into that room as if a band of music was behind him.

"The faces of the children broke into smiles. The teacher came to life and smiled. My, she was glad to see that man. So was I.

"He took the middle of the floor and began giving commands. The children started off, heads high, and a spring in their step. More sharp, quick, little orders and the next thing I knew those children were dancing about that room alive with joy. They listened for every change of position and never missed a trick.

"The way that man led those children—like a pied piper. No jerking of arms and legs for him. Good man."

"Do they ever work in your school?" demanded Ryan.

"Yes, sometimes. When the teacher doesn't know enough to play."

But then sometimes Phillips puts a thing over strong. He says he has to because he has to make it hurdle our school-masterish minds.

§ 19. *CHECKING THE JOB*

Grown-up workers know that they must check up their work. If it is work expressed in figures and tables, we check and recheck before we call it finished. If it is work with words we read it again and again and have some one else read it as well. If it is work with things we find that it checks itself or checks us. Working with things assures a thorough checking up and a quick discovery of error. That is why children have to have an opportunity to work with things. They must have that check to insure clarity and accuracy.

A boy worked out an example that demanded the number of square feet of surface of a box. He did the work twice, getting the same answer each time, and the answer was wrong. He did not know that. He gave in his work with the idea that he had finished that example.

The same boy went to the shop to cover the box with cretonne. He filled out a requisition for the amount of goods he said he needed for the job and the teacher saw that he was wrong. He gave him the quantity of covering he asked for but he gave him paper instead of goods.

"I'd advise you cut the cover in paper first. It will be more accurate and save waste," he said. The boy cut the paper and fitted it on the box. Then he discovered that he had forgotten the top and bottom of the box. He turned and twisted his bits of paper but try as he might he could not make them cover all sides of his box. At last he found his mistake and asked for the correct amount.

It would have been easy for the teacher to have said, "You forgot the box has six faces," but the boy would not have had the experience of checking up his error. He

would have learned nothing. Handling things cleared up the idea for all time.

The child who has been trained in handling things gets into the habit of searching for the difficulty when something halts him. He knows that the thing ought to work out. It ought to fit. It ought to go. If only he could find what was the matter he could make it all right, and he adjusts and takes apart and tries again until it comes right. He has patience and perseverance with things because his faith in them is stronger. It is easy to believe what we can see. Faith must begin with what is seen before it takes hold on the unseen. If you would teach a child to work through a situation until it is cleanly and clearly solved, start him on his way by giving him things to work with.

It is so easy to deceive oneself with words. We have a definition ready and that is all about that. Searching into the origin of the definition, all we can discover is that somebody said it and we accepted it. The child puts it, "The teacher says so," or, "The book gives it that way."

Some of our work must needs be done that way, but not all of it—not all of it if we are to have clear thinking and thorough doing. The work must be checked up by things; hands and nails and boards and wires and pulleys and things.

§ 20. *FIND THE CAUSE*

Pattie, patient Pattie the family called her, was having trouble with a little spot in her garden. Nothing would grow on it and the bare brown spot worried the conscientious little gardener so that she constantly planted it over in the hope that this time something would come of it.

Nothing did come of it. The seeds sprouted, grew so far, turned a sad yellow-brown, and passed out. Pattie sighed, scratched the ground, and watered and seeded it once more. The seeds performed once more and again Pattie sighed and began over again.

Brother, attracted at last by her patient efforts and barren results left his own patch and stood looking down at the bare spot.

"I can't get a thing to grow there," sighed Pattie.

"So I see. What's the matter with the spot?"

"I don't know. It just doesn't grow anything and I plant it and plant it."

"Did you go down under to see what was the matter with it?"

"Why, no. It's just dirt. What should be the matter with it?"

"Such a nut," said brother rudely. "Give me your spade." He dug down manfully and the spade struck stone the first thrust.

"That's what's the matter. You got a big stone there and you expected something to grow on it. You got to get the stone out. It's a wonder you wouldn't look what you're doing."

The school world is full of patient Patties, on both sides of the teacher's desk. The teacher keeps trying to build a structure without knowing what is under it to hold it up

and when it topples day after day she patiently gathers the material together and starts once more. A look underneath would make the situation clear and render her work secure but she patiently toils on without ever looking for the stone in the way.

Children keep making the same mistakes time after time and starting again in the same old way each time. They have never glimpsed the underlying principle of work or conduct that is in the way. Until they find it and work according to it they will make no headway for principles are great stones that block our way when we work against them instead of with them.

There are great principles of human growth and unless the teacher is aware of them, unless he unerringly puts his finger on them and points the child their way, he and the pupil are going to mark time endlessly.

Find the cause and the effect will follow principle. If you don't you do what the Irish proverb says, "Travel on the ship Neverbudge whose captain is Delay."

§ 21. *WORDS*

We tell children things in the clearest words at our command. They say the words back to us and we are satisfied that they have learned something. We think that because they have the words they have the idea. A little investigation will show that very often the words are all they have, the sounds and nothing whatever of the idea.

A little boy was studying his geography lesson. He had some notes before him and now and then he would look far off and repeat some words aloud. One of the sentences attracted his father's attention. It seemed to have to do with a lion in furious haste and the little fellow repeated it with hearty enjoyment.

"What is that you are saying, Bill?"

"My lesson. My geography lesson for to-morrow."

"Say it to me. That will help to fix it in your mind."

"The equator is a menagerie lion running around the earth."

"What? A what?"

"A lion."

"But what has a lion to do with the equator?"

"That's what. That's where lions come from."

"You've got this thing wrong, Bill. A lion is an animal—"

"I know it. Isn't that—"

"Now wait. A lion is an animal and the equator is a line."

"I know it. That is what the teacher said and she said the lion ran around the earth and she showed us his track right round the earth, too."

It took a little time and tact and patience to persuade the boy that he had heard the wrong word. That the

teacher was saying one thing and he was thinking another. That his mind had been filled with one picture and his teacher's with another.

Children have few experiences compared with those of their parents and teachers. Their vocabulary is far ahead of their exact knowledge and imagination steps in when facts grow dim.

Bill knew the lion of the menagerie. It seemed altogether natural and right that he should break loose and run gaily around the earth. But the mathematical line running about the earth was a new idea. It was friendless and without any welcoming ideas to take it in and make it one of the family. It was a stranger and found "nobody home" in a real sense.

So, whenever you teach a child something new, be sure to tie the stranger to an old familiar friend. If that does not seem possible, use pictures and drawings and illustrations until the child has a group of related ideas concerning this new idea. Then let him talk it back making his meaning clear by word and gesture and drawing. Beware the empty word.

§ 22. *TOO FAST FOR THE SCHOOL*

"I DON'T want to go to school any more," announced Herbert, thumping his books on the table.

"Why, Herbert, what's the trouble? You of all children saying you don't want to go to school. What ails you?"

"It's too poky. It's too stupid. I won't go any more. Send me to some other place."

"What's happened?'

"Nothing. Nothing ever happens. It's the same thing over and over until I get so sick of it I can't stand it. I've been all through my history book and I know every word of it and I have to keep going over it for the whole term. I've got to wait until Fritz Freeder knows it before I can go ahead and he'll never know it.

"To-day the teacher heard the class say the Peninsula Campaign and nobody knew it except a few. She said, 'Take out your books and study it. I won't let you go a step further until you know it, every one of you.'

"I know it by heart and I turned over to the Declaration of Independence and was studying that because Dad said he'd give me a dollar when I could say it. She came down the aisle and took my book away and made me write the Peninsula Campaign from memory just to keep with the class. Why can't I do something else when I know the stuff the class is doing? Why do I have to wait for Fritzie? He won't ever know it if she keeps him at it for a thousand years. Why can't I go on?"

"Why can't he?" asked his mother of the teacher the next day.

"Because I have a big class and they are not all learning at the same rate of speed. I cannot teach individual children."

"Is there no provision made for the quicker children?"

"No, they are all taught together."

This is the reason for the educational tests that you hear about nowadays. They sort children into groups that can come nearer to working evenly. No child should be kept going over and over the same ground. It dulls his mind and stops his growth.

By all means have the children tested and graded. It is economical for both children and teacher. Have no fear of such a test. It shows what your child is doing to-day and the rate he is doing it. Grade him accordingly. Give him a chance to grow at his own rate.

The danger lies in taking such a test as a finality. It is nothing of the sort. It simply says that at this day at this time your child was such a child and it does not say that at another day at another time he will not be a different child.

Children should be tested and regrouped frequently and no parent should feel unduly elated because his child was graded as fast and high nor should another be cast down because his has been rated as slow and low. Diagnosis is not an end. Such tests are but a diagnosis.

§ 23. *A GOOD MEMORY*

It is necessary to have a good memory if one is to train a child and keep one's sanity. Getting as close to a growing youngster as teachers and parents must get in their daily rounds is bound to wear ruts into their minds and the deeper the ruts get the more they hurt until by and by the sight of the child making his favorite error once more is too much and there is an explosion.

"Do what I can I can't keep that child from biting his finger nails. They're a sight. Look at them."

Didn't you bite your nails? When did you stop? It was when you were quite grown up and became conscious of your failing, wasn't it? There are times even now when you feel your finger stealing to your mouth?

"What's to be done with that child? That's the third time in a week he has lied. Lied outrageously. So stupidly. It's awful."

It is bad, but remember. There was a time when you thought that a good story would let you by and you tried it. Some of them, you believe, were never discovered. You keep the secret. When did you stop? Little by little as the years taught you the cheapness of untruthfulness and experience taught you the scarifying beauty of truth.

"Another bad report. Why doesn't he study his French? He knows he has to learn it. He sits with a book in front of him and doesn't do a thing. Then he gets another failure. Disgraceful."

It is too bad, but remember. Wasn't there a time when the teacher sent home word that either you learned your French and German or you would be dropped from the class? And you dropped from the class, or your father

coached you so you got a passing mark? Languages do not run in your family.

"He has the worst manners. I made him attend Miss Prissy to the door and he actually scowled at her and instead of keeping the door open until she had reached the gate he slammed it right on her heels. He ought to be kept in a cage until he grows up. Nothing I can do teaches him."

He does act like a bear but he is a bear just now and he can scarcely help it. He deserves a scolding for slamming the door of course but if you had been as wise as watchful, you would never have told him to show Miss Prissy out because boys of his age do not relish Miss Prissy. That will come later.

Remember how shy you were? Remember how distressed your mother was because you ran behind a chair and howled when the kind lady wanted to kiss you and how you shrieked, "The nasty old thing, I wish she'd stay home"? All because you were goaded to extremity by your unstable nerves.

A good memory is a necessity for those who train children. It makes a fine background for understanding what is going on inside the rebellious ones. It teaches tolerance and patience; it teaches when to scold and when to keep still; when to punish and when to be deaf and blind. It gives hope, for we, too, grew up.

§ 24. *THE TEACHER HE LIKED*

Bob came home from school at the end of the first week with an air of depression unusual to his cheerful self. He placed his books carefully on the shelf, hung up his cap, changed his school clothes, washed his hands and face without being told.

His mother was troubled about him but said nothing. She made a pan of his favorite biscuits thinking they might lift his drooping spirits. But the biscuits failed although he ate them heartily enough.

After dinner he seated himself in the corner with his scout book. Father and mother exchanged puzzled glances. Friday night was free night and he should have been clamoring for permission to go to Pete's or have Pete come over.

"How's school?" asked father opening his paper, casually as possible.

"Pretty good."

"Like your new teacher?"

"Rather have the old one."

"Why I thought you said she was too fussy about your hair and your nails and your shoes and your clothes generally. I remember you storming because she made you come home for your tie."

"Yea. But she made everybody come to school clean. There weren't any fellows so piggy in class that you couldn't sit beside them."

"Oh!"

"And she made us behave, too. She wouldn't stand for anybody's breaking into a lesson. Anyway nobody ever tried it."

"But you complained because she was so strict. I re-

member distinctly you grumbled because she 'called' you in study hour."

"Yea. I know. But she made everybody keep still so as you could get some work done and not have so much home work to do. And she kept still herself too. I have a headache, just on account of that teacher talking. Her voice is so loud it makes your ears tired. Maybe it's all right but I don't like it."

"And I remember you said that the old teacher gave you hard lessons. You said they were harder than any other class got."

"Yea. But she knew all the lessons herself and could answer all the questions we asked."

"Can't this teacher?"

"I don't know. I never asked any. Nobody asks her any. Don't get a chance."

"You don't seem to like the teacher. What is the matter? If you don't like her you won't get on you know."

"Aw, I don't know. It's different, that's all I know. Wish we had the old teacher."

The "old teacher" had cost more and the Board had let her go and hired another one. And you can see she was "different."

§ 25. *TO THE TEACHERS*

Dear Teachers:

The children who come to you for the first day come to you gladly. They have had a long idle spell and they have grown very tired of it. They are ready for work.

The first day is your best opportunity. As you start this day your term's work will start, continue, and finish.

Be sure the room is attractive. Have some flowers on the desk. Put a cheerful greeting on the blackboard. First a little talk about how glad you are to see them; how fine they look; how pleased you are that they are your class. Make them feel welcome. Make them feel that you really like them.

Teach the children the routine of the classroom. Tell them how they are to hang up their things; how they are to distribute and collect the material; how they are to get about the room easily and comfortably; what the bells mean and what to do at rapid dismissal. Spend time on the management side of the classroom. It will save you hours and hours of time later on and much, very much, nerve energy.

Then start right in on the term's work. Don't, if you value the interest and enthusiasm that the class has brought to you this day, say, "I'll review what you should have learned last term before taking up anything new."

That is deadly. Plunge right into the new work. Take for granted that they know everything and more than they need to know. They will live up to your expectations.

Make the first lesson easy. It is delightful to see the happiness light up the little faces as they find they can do the things the new teacher asks them to do. They think

she is such a "good" teacher. They will carry home the glad tidings, "Mother, I have a grand teacher."

Lay the foundation for the habit of success this first day. Ride over the failures if any occur. Give the child who slips an easier step and support him until he makes it.

Whatever you do, don't stop teaching and begin scolding. The first time you ask a child for a table and he slips up on it and you hold forth, "How in the world do you expect to do the work of this grade unless you know your tables and your words or your definitions," as the case may be, you are wasting your time and his.

Give him the point he needs. He will be grateful and appreciative of the value of the lesson instead of feeling discouraged and disgusted. Teach, this day; teach with all your might.

Send your class home with the same feeling of eagerness and enthusiasm with which they came to you in the morning.

"As is the teacher, so is the school." How often quoted and how everlastingly true. Yet teacher-artists exist in our schools of to-day in larger numbers than ever before in the history of mankind. Teaching as a profession has been slow to receive its just recognition, yet it is second to none.

Faith, happiness, character, strength, enthusiasm, reserve, justice, firmness, patience—all these are essentials in a real teacher. Technique, tact, humility—woe be unto him who tries to teach minus these. Yet the demand for teachers is so great that we presume to assume that these virtues can be acquired and trained in a sufficient degree to permit a secondary school graduate to become a primary teacher two years after her completion of high school.

Our boys and girls beginning school need the broadest, biggest, best trained specialists conceivable. She it is who lays the foundation. "As the twig is bent, so the tree inclines." Who but a master teacher can steer boys and girls through the "big Injun" age of the intermediate grades? Adolescence, with its pitfalls and temptations, requires a Solomon. There is no place in a chain for a weak link.

Boys and girls are like plants in the sunshine. The right teacher is the sun. The poor teacher is a cloud. Plants need plenty of sun. No teacher can afford sunlight to an unlimited number of children. We must have smaller classes, better grading, and better equipment if results are to approach the needs.

We need more Horace Manns, more Mark Hopkins, and more William McAndrews, but these never will take the place of the unassuming, faithful, conscientious, trained teacher doing her job quietly, but skillfully. She it is who

knows and meets the needs of each Johnny and each Mary. She never loses sight of the individual in the push and rush of the class. She is sure of her technique, but, if she be worthy of the name of teacher, she uses her technique only as a means to an end. The child comes first always with the good teacher. The child's happiness, growth, and development are the good teacher's first concern.

Problems

1. Describe the best teacher you have ever had. List her characteristics. Which of these qualities do you consider essential in every teacher?
2. In rating a teacher, should emphasis be placed upon the teacher herself, or upon the class?
3. How can a teacher, prepared for teaching in 1925, who teaches children in 1940, adequately prepare them for citizenship in 1960?
4. What do you consider a natural grading of boys and girls? Is there danger in overgrading? If so, why? If not, why not?
5. How can a teacher reconcile the needs of individual and class teaching, when she has forty children in her room?
6. What are some of the possible solutions for obtaining the right kind of teachers in sufficient numbers?

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Part Five

The Life of the School

§1. *DISCIPLINE*

Too often we think of a disciplined child as one who obeys instantly when a command is given. Instant obedience and silence are likely to be one ideal of good discipline. Discipline is interpreted as an outside force applied to a child by his teacher or his parents, by an employer to his employee, by an officer to his subordinate, the soldier to his company.

One stormy day Miss Trumpeter could not get to school on time. The class had to wait for her. The children put away their wraps, took their seats, folded their hands and gazed ahead at the blackboards. They sat in absolute silence and stillness, like so many monuments to patience.

"That's grand discipline!" the teacher said in talking about it to her fellow teachers. "Make them afraid to do anything save what they are told. That's the secret."

It wasn't discipline. Not real discipline. Discipline is real only when the control is exercised by the person concerned. Real discipline is purely a personal matter, an ordering of one's self by one's self.

The commonly accepted form of discipline is an extra thing. It is a set of inhibitions, a sort of "Thou shalt not, for if you do, I'll do." The disciplined one has given over his will to another. He does no thinking, no willing. He acts on the thoughts and according to the will of his master. Without orders he dare not move. He cannot move. He is weak and fearful, dependent and resourceless.

Real discipline is a growth of self. It consists mainly of doing. It is dynamic. It is initiated by the person concerned. The planning, the judging, the deciding, the doing are his. He is a responsible, self-directing, self-sustaining individual. He starts, he takes hold, he goes on to the

end. He measures his work. He gains power for the next duty. He is truly self-disciplined.

Whenever you find that you have to say to a child, "Don't do that," it is time to stop and consider what sort of discipline you are establishing. Beware, whenever you find yourself saying, "Don't make any noise." "Don't waste time"; "Don't answer back"; "Don't tell me a story"; "Don't use my things"; "Don't play with John." You are likely to be wrong. "Don't" is generally a very bad substitute for "do." Children never get anywhere on "don'ts."

Whenever you find yourself saying, "Fine. Go ahead. Do some more. That's good," you can feel assured that for that time at least you and the child are going toward the right road. Doing things encourages a child to clarify his ideas, leads him to organize them and to test the value of his thinking. He is disciplining himself for the problem of living.

Encourage self-discipline. The self-disciplined child becomes the self-disciplined man.

Discipline means "Do," much oftener than it means "Don't."

§ 2. *THE BEST BOY*

Did you ever take a good look at the best boy in the class? Ever stop to think why he was the best boy? If you have the result must have been rather disconcerting.

The best boy is so often the boy who does nothing at all all day. He does nothing at all although he has gone to school, recited his lessons dutifully all day long, all term long, and has been duly promoted. The teacher did all the doing. The boy did all the gesturing.

But he was the best boy in the class. The same thing holds good at home. Never gives his mother a bit of trouble. He goes to school without a whimper and comes home by the clock. His shoes are always clean and his cap sits trimly over his calm brow. He says "Yes, mother" one breath after the decree and there is no guile in him. He is a source of comfort and delight to the teacher and a dove bearing peace to his fond mother.

Then why should the cold eye of appraisal sweep over him? Why should the best boy bring a worry wrinkle to the thoughtful brow? Because such unprotesting righteousness is not healthy. Childhood is the time of growth and growth is not made so smoothly. Progress is made over a crooked, winding, bumpy path beset by lions and bedeviled by wild imps. No blithe traveler goes this way without murmurs and wild rejoicings and shrill protest. None of these come from the best boy.

Should he voice his uneasiness he loses his high estate. The teacher becomes sensible of his pull against her force, feels his struggle, and notices his discontent. He checks the smooth progress of the class. He stands in the way, an obstructionist. No longer is he the best boy.

Reports go home; conduct is underlined with red. A

note is added: "Your son is displaying a very difficult attitude of mind. Unless he can be persuaded to change it he will not make the progress essential to good class standing."

Cheer up if you get a report like that. Cheer up and be exceeding glad. At least he isn't dead—yet. There is still life enough in him to make protest against the machine that would trim him to fit the standards of a bygone day and generation. He has, the school has said it, an attitude of mind. Praise be.

Now find out, if you can, just what way that attitude is slanted and give the lad your hearty and intelligent coöperation. Interpret the situation for him and give him lots of slack. Stand by him and encourage him. It is a nerve-wracking business but stick to it and in the end you'll have a boy that will stand head and shoulders over that best boy who never thought of getting out of line, not once in his whole life.

Don't you see he has to get out of line if he is to look to the right or the left, above and below, and far ahead, as he must if he is to travel far? The best boy is not the boy who can be successfully taught in the mass. Maybe you have one? He's a gift from the gods.

§ 3. *HE ANSWERED BACK*

"I won't have that boy in my class again."

"Why, what did the boy do?"

"He answered me back."

"He was disrespectful?"

"Disrespectful? That's not the word. He was impudent. He as good as told me that I didn't know what I was talking about."

"What were you talking about? What did he say that was impudent?"

"We were having a lesson on the forests and I said something about the neglect of them and he got up and said it wasn't true in the state he came from.

"I told him to kindly remember that I was the teacher and that I was supposed to know more than he did, whereupon he said, 'Well you don't. I've been there and you haven't.'

"Imagine a boy talking to a teacher like that. I told him he was in my room to listen and learn of his betters and that as he couldn't seem to do it he'd better stay out. I won't have such impudence."

Now of course one of the first principles of human intercourse is the observance of courtesy in every relation. Once the polish is allowed to become scratched the raw human quality shows up and its crudeness is likely to give us a few twinges.

Children are crude. They have acquired very few principles of living, very elemental ones at that. The only way to teach them the finer, more subtle ones is by constantly practicing them in our dealings with the children.

Once the personal element enters into a discussion all educational value vanishes and the situation becomes the

crude wrangle, the child answers back. The parent and teacher have always to present a polished exterior, an impersonal attitude toward any question on which the child seems to differ from them.

A respectful, sincerely respectful, hearing and a courteous, sincerely courteous, response will disarm the child's hostility. If you think a minute you will acknowledge that the instant some one makes a statement or gives a direction that you do not approve something bristling and rebellious rises within you and it takes all your training and experience to keep it under while you talk the matter over.

A child has not your training and experience. He is elemental in his emotional life and crude to rawness in his social relations. Nevertheless he will respond readily to the gentle word and the courteous suggestion just as he takes fire at the harsh word and the rude order.

The wise Chinese say that if you would win a battle take the first step backward, then you will find the way open to go forward and win.

§ 4. *THE TROUBLE MAKER*

Jimmie is a terror. He breaks up every game when he arrives. He leaves a string of threatening, crying children behind him every time he leaves the playground. He generally leaves in a hurry. He makes the teacher wish she were twins, one of whom could watch Jimmie while the other taught the class.

He's a fine looking lad with a shapely head that turns on his neck as though it were on ball bearings. He can see all four sides with no effort worth mentioning. His hands and feet move like lightning. He talks but little while in action which is most of the time. He's a terror.

So ran the note attached to his record card. The principal sighed as he laid it down. True, all true, every word of it. Jimmie lived so hard and so earnestly that he got in his own way and that of all the other children.

"Give him plenty of work," he said to the despairing teacher.

"I do. He has it all done before I get through giving the general orders. I correct it and give him some more until I dare not ask him to do more. The minute he lays his book or pencil down it's all over with the rest of the class. He's pinching somebody or spilling his ink or crawling under the desk to pinch somebody's legs. I simply cannot have him in the room with forty others. He needs a teacher all to himself and the rest of the class need the refreshing influence of his absence."

"True, all true," said the principal. "Yet this boy has to be taught. Some way has to be found to harness this surplus energy and direct it towards usefulness. Jimmie is a bright, sensitive boy, but he is going to seed fast. Something must be done."

The principal's eye fell on the manuscript of the play

the school was about to put on for Christmas. A smile came to his eye and he said to the teacher, "I think we can fix him. Can you live with him for a few days more?"

"I've stood it for three months and I can stand it for three days more, especially if I have hope to cheer me on," she said laughingly. "But really, he's almost impossible."

The principal called the dramatic teacher in conference. "I want him cured of his impishness. Now my idea is that you cast him for the chief of imps. Let him be the imp of imps. But pitch the play so the event goes against him and leaves him out in the cold world of the children's disapproval. Make them dislike the imp of imps. We'll give him a dose of dramatics that will settle his dramatic instinct for impishness for all time."

It worked. It always does. A child who is always raising the mischief and making life miserable for those about him is dramatizing his impish spirit. Let him have it out to his soul's content. When he is satisfied he will direct his steps toward another end. For until the craving is satisfied there is no rest for Jimmie or anybody that has to do with Jimmie.

§ 5. *WHY ARGUE?*

Teachers and parents, there is a commandment I would beg you to observe with all diligence. Never argue with the child of fourteen. Never.

Fourteen loves it, lies in wait for it, plans for it. If you are foolish enough to fall into the hole you will not only have to dig yourself out, but the debater as well. First he insists. He is right. He knows. He mistakes reiteration for proof and volume of voice for supporting evidence. Then he loses his temper. Teachers and parents ought to have sufficient tact and judgment and experience to avoid permitting fourteen to lose his temper in an argument.

Says Peter, "O, we've plenty of time. The game doesn't begin until two-thirty."

"What?" says father sharply. "Two-thirty nothing. It begins at two."

"No. You're wrong. It's two-thirty."

"That can't be. The games have begun at two for all the years I've been attending them. There wouldn't be light enough to begin any later."

"But I saw it on the billboards."

"Well, we'll hurry along and when we get to that billboard we'll look. That's easy," says father good-naturedly. And there on the billboard in great letters stands "TWO."

"Well," says Peter discomfited, "I was sure it said two-thirty."

In the classroom the teacher meets the same situation almost daily.

" 'Horse' is common gender," says Peter.

"Not so," says the teacher sharply. "It's masculine."

There is an argument immediately and it ends when the

teacher orders Peter to "Sit down. You don't know what you're talking about."

Peter goes home very indignant. He is still arguing. He hauls out all the reference books that have anything to say about the gender of a horse. At times he shouts out he is right. The book says so. Again he mutters dolefully. The decision is against him.

Now unless there is some one about who understands that the only way to handle such a situation is to say, "You think so? Well, you know I thought it was this way. Look it up and bring me the authorities on the subject. It's so long since I learned about that, or so long since I've had occasion to use that information that I may be mistaken. Look it up for us and we'll all be surer."

If he is wrong, don't crow about it. Do nothing to accent the battling spirit that rises within fourteen at the slightest opportunity. Do nothing to make a little matter of information take precedence over larger things like respect for one's elders, courtesy towards youth and inexperience, adolescent dignity and pride. The child is the one that is being educated. Argument helps but little with that problem. Experience does a great deal. Let him have the experience and save your voice and his nerves and good manners.

§ 6. *NEGLECTED EXERCISES*

We are very careful in these days of modern schools and highly trained teachers to see that the children are given plenty of physical exercise. We are proud of the number of youngsters whose weight is up to standard and whose lungs and hearts and livers are functioning to perfection. We ought to be.

But what troubles thoughtful teachers now and then in the day's work is the lack of exercise for the souls of their pupils. There are those among us who believe that souls need exercise. We are troubled by the thought that perhaps if they do not get that exercise in their growing time they will not grow. What then? What is the use of the fine body but to house a fine soul?

How to find exercise for it without handing a chart to the children—which is deadly—is the great difficulty. How to cultivate soul growth in school children without having the denominational churches down upon one is another difficulty. Still the thing might be done.

For instance wouldn't it stretch a child's soul if he were taught to halt in his race for knowledge and pull up the fellow who was falling behind? Say the child who was top in mathematics and was steaming ahead in pride and power, and smiling approbation of the teacher, halted and took the hand of the chap who wasn't making the grade and carried him with him over the top?

Suppose the tone of the school were such that not to have stopped and pulled him along would have been an everlasting disgrace? Had the two been in swimming and one drowning while the other swam steadily for shore, it would have been imperative for the strong one to carry home the drowning one. He would not have dared to

face the school otherwise. His exercises had all tended to that end and the tone of the school supported it.

But does the tone of the school support the other point of view? Not too often. The pupil is studying for himself, growing power for himself that he may go out into the world and use it for himself. The result is that a child trained to the idea of service finds himself in a world trained the other way. He has to face the host whose motto is "every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost."

Let's then take note of a few exercises that make for soul power. Instead of the school honors going to the one who did the most for himself let us give some to those who did most for others. Instead of commending the pupil who got the highest mark in his subject, commend the one who might have had a higher mark but divided his strength with the fellow who was going under.

It is possible to set a few exercises for character growth and to measure and reward them too. And it is most essential that we do so.

§ 7. *"BUT ONE THERE WAS. . . ."*

ARTHUR had been trying Miss Boyd's soul all term. Now he had just about reached the limit of her patience. Just as soon as she could start the class reading she would fill out an office slip and send him out of her room once and for all.

She gave the directions for the reading lesson and the monitors started to give out the readers. Tony had the usual altercation with Patsy and the teacher had to arbitrate.

Then Beckie let her book fall and Tony stooped to pick it up for her and their heads met with a smart crack. Both drew back and again stooped for the book and again cracked heads.

"Ah, what do you think?" demanded the outraged Tony. "Think I'm going to stand here all day picking up books and seeing stars just on account of you?"

Beckie, wiping tears of astonishment and pain from her eyes, retorted in kind. The class laughed. Miss Boyd rapped out an order to Tony and he subsided. The class turned to their readers and the teacher remembered her grievance.

Much of her wrath had evaporated and as she turned to Arthur and saw him absorbed in his book, elbows on the desk, his fingers buried in his tousled hair the last of it vanished.

"Poor little chap. What else can he be? No mother. No home but the room in the back of a bicycle shop. No regular mealtime. No regular anything—food, or clothes, or rest, or training. Just like a stray pup.

"We who grew up in the country had so much. Home

and people and sky and trees and animals and limitless play space. What could one do to help him out?"

For the rest of the day Miss Boyd astonished the lad by treating him like a cherished friend.

"Guess she thinks I'm company," he murmured.

She didn't seem to see when he put out his foot to trip Tony. Just waved to him to go the other way. In sheer bewilderment Arthur fell to filling out his outline map.

The next morning Miss Boyd called him aside and gave him a little covered basket. They held a low-toned conversation before Arthur hurried across to his back yard and hastily overturned some boxes and made a little house and yard of them.

He pulled a fat, white rabbit out of the basket and gently dropped him into the little box house.

"There. You are my rabbit. I'm your guardian. I'm to feed you and keep you clean. Every Friday you go to school and get the once over. See? She says so."

§ 8. *SETTING A TASK*

In the days of our grandfathers it was the custom to punish a child by setting him a task. Sometimes it was chopping a set amount of kindling or gathering so many stones. Sometimes it was learning a number of lines from the Bible by heart. The girls had to do extra seams or scrub another floor.

We smile wisely at the queer ways of our grandfathers concerning children. We wouldn't think of tasking them in such absurd fashion. As though drudgery would cure children of laziness or carelessness or disobedience.

We in our enlightenment know that dull labor is the last thing in the world to inflict upon children. It drives them into rebellion against authority and toward a distaste for the work imposed. All this we know and yet—

"Mother, can I go over to Georgie's? Can I go over to Georgie's? We're making a cave. Mother, can I go over to Georgie's? Can—"

"What in the world ails you? To Georgie's, to Georgie's every minute of the day. No you can't. Go and sweep the leaves off the sidewalk. That will give you something to do and keep your mind off Georgie's."

But will it?

Betty sits in school plainly daydreaming. The teacher asks her to give the syntax of the phrase. Betty does not even know what the sentence is. The teacher snaps, "Next," and Betty relapses into drifting bliss once more.

"Betty, you can stay in after school to-night and do the ten sentences on this page. Perhaps after that you will be able to interest yourself a little in grammar."

But will she?

"Peter, why did you scatter that paper on the floor?"

" 'Twasn't me."

"It was too. I saw you. Now you can write the commandment about bearing false witness twenty-five times. Perhaps that will teach you to tell the truth."

But will it?

Very likely not. We are still tasking children as a punishment, as a corrective measure. We are going about the teaching of a child in the same absurd way as of old.

If a child is given a job as a punishment he will hate the job and learn to hate work of any sort. One couldn't do much worse injury to the growth of a child than to teach him that work is a punishment. Lessons should never be assigned as a punishment. It is a great privilege to learn and children should be taught so.

If a child hates a subject, think he will love it the better because you make it an imposition upon his playtime? Think that writing anything twenty-five times ever did any good? Never.

Punishment of any sort rarely pays. Certainly tasking a child doesn't. It works badly at both ends. Drop it.

§ 9. *VICTOR'S PRIZE*

"I'm going to give you each three seeds to take home and plant in a flower pot," said the teacher. "The first week in June you may bring in your plants and the best one gets the first prize, the next best the second. There will be five prizes. See who gets them."

Victor carried his seeds home and looked about for a flower pot. Such things were scarce in the basement room he lived in so he went to a dump nearby and picked up a scarred saucepan. He filled this with soil and planted his seeds.

"I'm going to get a prize, Mom."

"A prize? Who gives to my son a prize?"

"A man that likes us to plant seeds for flowers to come. I'm going to get the first one."

"Be not sure of that, my son. Prizes do not often come to those who want them."

But Victor had made the prize his own and talked of nothing else. The day his seeds broke through the soil he told the teacher the prize was won.

"I'm afraid you do not understand, Victor. The plants must grow and flowers must come before anybody can have a prize."

"Yes, I know. Mine is the prize."

"Dear me," sighed the troubled teacher. "What will happen if he shouldn't get it? I'd better see what the plants look like." So she went to the basement room and Victor brought out his treasure. The teacher almost groaned.

"See how long and nice they are," said he displaying the poor, starved scraggly, yellow vines. "Marcus says his are only so big," said he showing what to his mind was a contemptible height for nasturtiums.

"When you give out the prizes to-day," said the teacher to the flower man, "give this one to Victor for this plant and say it's for the greatest success under the worst conditions." So Victor got his prize and the teacher's mind was eased.

"You see," she said afterward, "children do not really understand the psychology of prizes. I don't myself. They can never be just because one can never know the real conditions. The children know more about that part of it than we do, so the general result is a mess."

"And I thought I was helping," he said ruefully.

"But you couldn't help with a prize, you see, because you didn't know about Victor."

§ 10. *SO EASY*

Fritzie stammered. When he was greatly interested or excited he stammered with his foot as well as his tongue. People liked the little lad. He had a smile "that would charm a bird off a bush," and a funny habit of saying the thing you least expected.

Now and then he was seized by the dumb devil within him and he would sit scowling at the work before him without making the slightest attempt to do it. He had to be coaxed out of the clutches of his evil genius and only Miss Charlotte knew the way.

One morning he laid down his pencil during the arithmetic lesson. He was through. The finality with which the pencil took its groove and the snap of his book covers as he shut them indicated that plainer than his speech could have done.

Miss Charlotte feigned not to see. She went about cheerfully checking and praising the work of the other boys. It made no difference to Fritzie that his keenest rival for first place in Miss Charlotte's heart got a hundred and marched to the board to inscribe it there with all the noise and fuss possible for him to make. He could not attract Fritzie's envious attention. He sat hunched in gloom, a rebellious statue of gloom.

Miss Charlotte bent over his desk. "What is the matter, Fritzie? No work? Come along, come along. You won't have a chance to finish your Eskimo picture if you don't hurry. See if you can't have them done when I come down the aisle again."

Fritzie's foot began to beat its tattoo on the floor. The bright color rose to his cheeks and he stammered, blinking, and stamping, "T-t-too h-h-h-hard."

"No, Fritzie. It isn't hard. Really. You can do them in a minute."

The light of mischief dawned in Fritzie's black eyes. Two dimples danced in and out.

"I-i-i-i-t-t's e-e-e-eas-s-y?"

"My yes," beamed Miss Charlotte. "Easy as can be. I'm sure you can do them in a minute."

"C-c-c-could you do them in a m-m-minute?" stammered Fritzie, eyes dancing as he stamped out the words smiling up at the teacher.

She nodded down at him.

"T-t-t-then you do them," and he laughed merrily.

Everybody laughed and Fritzie went to work and finished the examples in no time.

"Poor little chap," thought Miss Charlotte. "Things aren't so easy for him."

§ 11. *ABSTINENCE*

The spelling lesson for the next day was hard. For some reason or other the words were all long ones, bore no relation to one another and were foreign to any interest of the children.

"I wish I could make my own spelling list," sighed the teacher. "The only thing I can do is to tie some interesting story to them, if I can."

"Abstinence. Does anybody know anything about that word?"

Nobody did.

"See what the dictionary says."

"Abstinence. See abstain," read Arthur.

"Well, see abstain."

"To forbear, or refrain voluntarily. That don't tell me anything," he said irritably.

"Down here it says 'temperance in a moderate and guarded use.' "

"That's got something to do with prohibition," said Arthur looking intelligent.

"No it hasn't. Prohibition takes from you any choice in the matter. Abstinence leaves the choice to you. You can do or you can keep from doing just as you will to do."

"What of it?" Arthur fretted. "Such a word."

"It means that you tell yourself that you won't do too much of anything. You won't eat too much, or drink too much or play too much. You will stop yourself even when you want more. You won't pet yourself," smiled the teacher.

Arthur looked stubborn. "Remember Lent?" asked the

teacher. "During those forty days you abstained from doing something that you wanted to do."

"Not me," replied Arthur. "We don't have Lent in our church. Clara had and she said she couldn't eat candy but she ate—"

"Never mind. Everybody who wants to be a strong character like a Washington or a Roosevelt learns to practice abstinence, to keep control of himself and so control other folks and conditions. A man without control is a weakling. He eats too much and loses his figure, he drinks too much and dulls his mind, he plays too much and becomes useless."

"I got you," shouted Arthur. "He goes into training like Dempsey."

"Exactly," said the teacher coming up splendidly. "Exactly. If a man wants to measure himself against any force in the world he has to know and practice abstinence."

"My mother says I couldn't pass a piece of candy to save me," grinned Arthur. "Here's where I put a piece on the table and never touch it for forty days. I'm going into training, I am."

And he slowly copied, "Abstinence. No candy for forty days."

§ 12. *ST. JOSEPH*

The teacher was young. She was trying hard to teach the second year the number tables. But the lesson had lasted too long. The faint interest the class had in the matter had evaporated long since. The teacher sensed that there was no use in going on. Then her eye fell on Minnie, the immovable Minnie.

She was looking down into her lap evidently busy with something she had wrapped in her handkerchief. She had been doing exactly this every time the young teacher had glanced her way that morning.

In a spasm of exasperation and weariness she rasped, "Minnie, throw that thing you have been playing with all morning into the basket. This minute. You haven't learned a thing this day. Not a single thing. It's disgraceful. A whole lesson and nothing done. Every time I called on you it was the same thing. Throw that thing into the basket and sit in the front seat where I can see what you are doing."

Minnie seemed stunned. Slowly she dragged herself out of her seat and went forward to obey the order. She laid what she held in her hand tenderly in the basket. Then she turned a tearful face toward the teacher as though she would plead for her treasure.

"Don't speak a word," stormed the young teacher. "Such a wicked waste of time. It is disgraceful. Sit down."

Minnie burst into a wail of distress and ran from the room. The second year gasped. Never had such a thing happened in all their school lives. And Minnie, the slow, immovable Minnie. What dread thing had befallen her? Trouble clouded their faces as they turned to the lesson.

Minnie raced downstairs to Miss Lavinia. She climbed into her lap sobbing, "O save me, save me. My St. Joseph's in the basket. Whatever shall I do? My St. Joseph's in the basket."

Miss Lavinia soothed her and coaxed out the story. "I'm so dumb in arithmetic. She told me to remember and I can't remember. So I brought my St. Joseph to school to help me. And now he is in the basket. Whatever shall I do? I can never be forgiven."

"Don't cry, dear. St. Joseph will understand. He knows that the teacher did not understand and that you could not help it. He will understand all about it, never fear."

Miss Lavinia brought her the basket and together they lifted out the child's treasured Saint.

Later Miss Lavinia told the young teacher about it and said, "One must be so careful with little children. One knows so little about them after all."

§ 13. *COMPANY COMING*

Some people get very much excited at the thought of company coming. The whole house must be turned upside down and inside out and back again in honor of the coming guest. Everything has to be dusted and polished and newly placed, even the children. The result is not likely to please the visitor or the visited.

Company was expected in the first-grade room and Miss Mary started to clean house. Mary Ellen, aged six and five months, was her right hand. While the class was rereading the story of the Three Little Pigs to make sure of it, Mary Ellen, who could read it backward or forward as you preferred, was allowed to dust.

Having wiped down the blackboards she blew off the dust on the chalk tray and set bronchial Izzie to coughing violently.

"Why, Mary Ellen, you know nobody ever blows chalk dust? Whatever possessed you?"

"I was in a hurry," said Mary Ellen. "I was afraid they would come." Miss Mary waved her into silence and she ran downstairs to clean the erasers. The brushes for scrubbing them were nailed to the back fence. But Mary Ellen was in a nervous hurry so she beat them against the smooth sandstone wall that was the pride of old Michael's heart.

"Mother o' me, what are you after doing? Marking up the wall. Fly out of that. I'll be up to your teacher in a minute. And the trustees coming too," and he stumped off for pails and brushes.

Somewhat flurried Mary Ellen returned to the room where the preparations were going ahead feverishly. Miss Mary, busy giving each child a long, freshly pointed pencil, took

no notice. Mary Ellen spied the waste box of the pencil sharpener filled with filings and dust of the fifty newly sharpened pencils.

"That must be emptied," said the eagle-eyed child and gave the box a dexterous twist. It came off faster than she expected and her elbow shot back and knocked over the pot of tulips decked in their fresh crêpe paper.

"Mary Ellen," screamed the teacher. "Oo-oo-wow," screeched the class for frantic Mary Ellen snatched at the tulips, missed them and sent the bowl of sparkling goldfish to the floor.

Fish and sand and weeds and water, tulips and green paper and soil, spread in a sloppy, floppy mess on the floor. "Sit down. Get the mop. Look out for the fish. My goodness. Keep still. Sit down. I say." Class and teacher together tried to salvage the wreck and the guest of the day escorted by the beaming principal walked in.

"Go out," wailed the weeping Mary Ellen. "We aren't ready for you yet. You ought to go upstairs first anyway."

Unless you get ready for the company every day it's better not to get ready at all.

§ 14. *THE LAZY BOY*

"Something ought to be done with De Angelos."

Miss Lavinia's tone was severe and she rustled a little sheaf of yellow papers accusingly.

"What's he done now?"

"He's the laziest child I ever saw. It's impossible to get him to work. He'll get out of it by hook or by crook. How can we expect to make a good citizen out of him unless he learns to work?"

"Of course. Of course, he ought to work. Doesn't he?"

"Never if he can help it. He ought to be made to take time from his free periods and make up. See this. He was told to review his vocabulary list last night by writing each word five times. There were twenty words assigned and he wrote the twenty words once but made four carbon copies."

"Then he wrote the words only once, I take it."

"Only once and he was told to write them five times."

"What is his record on the vocabulary?"

"He's got a good record. Ninety-five."

"Then why should he write it five times?"

"Because the teacher told the class to write it five times and he is in the class."

"O."

"You're encouraging De Angelos in his laziness. Can't you see that it isn't just writing the words that counts, it's the idea that he has to learn to work?"

So De Angelos was sent for. "Why didn't you write your words five times each, De Angelos?"

"Because I knew them and I haven't time to put on them when I know them."

"You haven't time? What did you do last evening, after school, that kept you so busy?"

"I went home and changed my clothes and did the errands for my mother. Then I did my lessons and got some supper and changed my clothes and went down town to play in the orchestra."

"What orchestra is that?'

"In a restaurant down town. I've had a job there all year else I couldn't attend school and neither could my little sister. I play every night until eleven. They let me off early so I can get to bed at twelve."

"O," said Miss Lavinia, slipping the rustling sheets into the basket.

"Yes," said De Angelos brightly. "My mother says she thinks father will be out of the hospital this spring and perhaps by next year things won't be so hard for us. But as long as I can play in the orchestra nights why should we worry?"

§ 15. *LOOKING AWAY*

A GREAT teacher had a method all his own. He taught his pupils to look at a thing with him. He centered their attention on the thing he wanted them to see, never on himself. They never thought of the master who was giving the lesson. They looked at what he showed them, and behold, it was a picture of themselves and their frailties.

When a child does wrong and you would help him, try to do this thing. Try to have him look at the thing you want him to see but never at you. Try to separate yourself from the thing that has gone wrong. Try to lose all your irritation about it before you speak to the child at all.

When a child goes wrong and you lose yourself in wrath at his weakness and scold him, he sees only your expressions of anger; he sees your angry eyes, and hears your tense shrill tones; and he recoils in protest. Often he cannot even hear what you are saying. He is afraid of you and shrinks away from you.

Instead of studying the thing you would place before him he is studying you. Your dramatic action holds him fast. He gazes at you with a sort of dumb fascination.

"Can't you see, you stupid child. . . ."

No, he cannot see. He cannot think of anything but your gestures, your force, your tense brow and pelting words. The ideas are blotted out by the trumpets of your wrath.

Be quiet. Wait a few minutes. Smooth your face and calm your spirit. Things are never as bad as you think they are. Many a time they have been worse and you have known nothing about it. First control yourself so that your offended self will not fill the world for the child.

Now tell him the story you would have him understand. He can put his mind upon it and never think of you. Together you can examine the situation and hit upon a plan to make things better. Look away.

The high-school member of the family was exceeding his allowance. Instead of growing angry his father called him in and went over the family budget with him. He said no word about the lad's error. Just told him what it cost to run the family and what his plans for them were. Thereafter the lad's account showed a saving instead of a deficit.

Even little children can be taught to look at a thing they have done in the light of investigation. They can be taught to look at it without a trace of the selfishness that entered into the doing of it. It takes a little longer than the old way but it works better and lasts longer.

§ 16. *A NEW DAY*

It isn't fair to carry yesterday's sins over to to-day and demand a new repentance of them, another immersion in sackcloth and ashes. That makes a child feel that having offended once he has offended for all time and that there is no use of his trying again.

"Now be sure that to-day you come straight home."

"Yes."

"Yes. That's what you said yesterday and what did you do? Went to the ball field and played until dark night. And I told you the last thing to come straight home and you said, 'yes,' and that's all it amounted to. Never got home until dark night."

Now the youngster had broken bounds the night before and had been soundly berated for doing it. This was another day and he ought to have been allowed to feel that it was a new day with new opportunities for making good.

But no. He is started with the notion that no matter how good his intentions, no matter how strong his promises, he is going to go wrong again. Yesterday's offense is given new life and strength for to-day's mistake.

When I was a little boy in the public schools we used to have slates. They had bright red flannel bindings and laced with black cord and boasted a rubber knob at each corner if they were very stylish.

I had trouble with long division. I'd make the same mistake over and over and smear my slate until it was a gray mess. Still I couldn't get the right answer and at last the teacher would say, "Let's take a nice new slate. A brand, spandy, new one from the closet. Now we'll have a new pencil out of the box. I'll write it down for you. There now. It'll come right now. See if it doesn't."

Of course it came right. The shiny new slate (the old fox used to keep a pile of them on purpose), the teacher's smile, the fresh start cleared my brain and the answer came right every time.

Don't hold post-mortems. Let the dead lie. When the child makes a mistake take down a new slate for him. Change his suit. Put on a new tie. Give him his breakfast on the porch. Change his seat in the classroom. Do something that will symbolize the new slate and it will work wonders where the harping on day-before-yesterday's recital will work disasters.

The old teacher I speak of had this sentence written on the board very often. "Every day is a fresh beginning; every morn is the world made new."

§ 17. *"SCAT, YOU"*

"I've been thinking about why the children don't mind me," said the very young teacher, "and now I think I know. I think it must be because I haven't spoken to them the right way. I've had the hardest time making them mind me. They're very disorderly and of course I can't teach them.

"Every morning when I come to school I see a big black cat eating his breakfast out of the cans along the sidewalk. I like cats so I've tried to make friends with him. I called, 'Puss, puss,' in my nicest voice and purred at him and coaxed him but he just stiffened his tail and passed by on the other side of the can.

"To-day I saw him and called 'Puss, puss,' but he gave me a green stare and ruffled his tail and I lost all patience with him and stamped my foot and yelled, 'Scat, you black rascal,' and over the fence he went. At least he paid some attention to me.

"I'm going to try that on the class. Maybe they'll pay attention to me too. I've been too gentle with them. Too coaxing and patient. If I stamp my foot they'll obey me too."

"And fly over the fence?"

"No. I'll stamp my foot and they'll sit up like lambs and before they know it I'll hurry up and teach them the lesson. They won't catch me at it."

"But when you stamped your foot and when you purred and coaxed you lost your cat. Lost him both times."

"Well, what *am* I to do? They won't mind me. They squirm about and turn their heads and won't learn."

"That's because they aren't interested in whether you say 'Scat' or 'Puss, puss.' They would like it if you taught

them. When you teach children they are really lovely. That's all they want. Teaching. They're not concerned about you, only about what you are to give them.

"If you can forget about making them obey and remember that, you won't have the least bit of trouble with them. Just start in teaching them something they ought to know to make them happier and wiser and better and they'll forget all about you.

"Little children love to work. They like to add up columns of figures under a time limit. They like to say tables and recite poems and tell stories. They like to read a familiar story and they are rejoiced to discover that they have the tools to help them read a hard one by themselves.

"They like to watch themselves grow just as much as older people do. They will take great interest in a progress curve. They want to feel that they are on their way and getting to some place. Once they feel that you are leading them they will follow you. More. They will haunt your steps for very love of you.

"But if you even think, 'Scat,' scat it will be."

§ 18. *BEHIND THE LAW*

Unless the law has the mind of the people behind it there is nothing but trouble to gain. Law is the majority opinion, tested and approved by the experience of the intelligent majority. No matter how intelligent the majority may be, no matter how righteous their law, it will not work until they have converted the rest of us and so become the majority. Then very few laws are necessary.

This came to me as I saw a brand-new set of laws that a conscientious teacher had drawn up for the guidance of his classes. Most of them were unnecessary because the children would do what they prescribed as a matter of course and mentioning them would bring a question to their minds that might otherwise have been at rest.

The few remaining ones were divided into two classes by their very nature. Those that the children knew to be right and they would obey grudgingly and those that they had no belief in and would never obey really. The last group are most mischievous. It doesn't do to make laws for children unless the children believe in them.

"No child is to go to the movies during the school week." That might be very wise. I believe it is, but unless the children believe it what good will the law do? Better not make a law of it when you have no power to enforce obedience and group opinion is not behind you. Better get that first and then the thing enforces itself.

"No child is to chew gum in the building." Of course not but it won't do a bit of good to make the law about it unless the majority of the children actually believe that gum is not to be chewed in the building. There must be something behind the law or nothing comes of it but trouble.

Young teachers and inexperienced mothers are much given to making laws. They think that if they solemnly declare the thing to be prohibited that something has been done toward correcting an evil.

Something has been done, undoubtedly, but whether it is good or not is a question. If you make a law and the child breaks it you will have to punish him for it and that is a very bad situation. It is not good for a child to break laws. It is not good for him to think that he might do so. It teaches him to lose faith in and respect for the laws in school and out.

One should be very chary of making laws. The thing to make lies behind the law, the right opinion. Get the children to see that the thing they do is not the best thing and the greater part of them will agree to stop it and help to see that the group understands.

If that is done there will be fewer laws and much more respect for those we have. Children are intelligent if you give them half a chance.

§ 19. *A CHECKING SYSTEM*

Self-discipline lies at the bottom of successful living and it is the last character achievement we attain. We who are gray headed find ourselves struggling against ourselves in the effort to keep true to the course we have laid down. For children it is not only difficult to attain but it is difficult to understand.

In the beginning discipline simply means stopping ourselves when we set out to do something we want to do and which we know we ought not to do. A child cannot see why he should not do what he thinks will make him happy. He will plan and scheme and fight to do some of the things we teach him are wrong so that for a time we must do his checking for him lest he destroy himself.

But while we do it we keep in mind that we must point the lesson toward the idea of self-checking. Even little children can learn to check themselves when they are going to do wrong. They soon learn, for instance, that wiping muddy hands down their nicely ironed fronts meets with disapproval and they will wipe them on their rears in the hope the evidences will not be apparent. When that fails they begin wiping on the grass or their handkerchiefs. They have begun the self-checking system that is going to establish their characters and help them struggle through to the end.

However, the end is a lifetime away and there is much to be said and done before they can go alone. The habit of being comfortable is too deeply rooted in the minds of folks to be easily changed. It will take day-by-day hammering to effect a chance deep enough to reach the old man sheltered within. School is a very good place to teach this self-checking discipline.

To this end the lessons that are best for character training are those which the child must check for himself. When he learns to subtract he learns, too, to prove his work and keep at it until it comes right. When he writes a list of words he should open his book and do the correction himself and then rewrite and check again until he gets them exactly right. When he works in the shop he has to check his work. The thing he is making won't make unless he gets it just right.

When the teacher does all the correcting and the child gets his paper back with rows of neat checks and crosses and a number at the upper right-hand corner, he says to himself, "Aw, I only got seventy," and puts the paper and the lesson out of his mind. The teacher lost an hour in the open air which she needed to save her body and soul and the child lost the cream of the job—the self-checking lesson.

If we teach children to be responsible for their own results and to make good their own mistakes we are laying the foundations of a self-directing character. And that's the best service we can render children.

§ 20. *PUNISHMENTS*

The officer came to the school and asked for Mac. "Where does he live and what sort is he and what kind are his folks?"

"He lives in the white house on the second corner down. He's a healthy boy. His family are good people, hard working and sensible folk. What's the matter?"

"Why the mail box was burned last night and they do say that it was Mac that set fire to it. They do say he dropped a lighted match or two into it. Anyway all the mail in it was burned or so badly scorched that it's useless. And it had all the school mail in it, the postman says."

Mac was taken to the children's court and his teacher had to go down to speak a good word for him. He was sitting beside his weeping mother, a very pale and frightened little boy.

The teacher went over to them. His mother stopped sobbing long enough to say, "I'm so glad you've come. Maybe you can tell the judge that he must have been out of his mind to have done such a thing. Maybe you could tell him that he isn't as bad as this looks. O, it's bad enough," and she covered her face with her handkerchief and rocked with woe.

"He did this, then?" asked the teacher.

"O, yes, he did it. I'll tell no lies nor bring him up to tell none. He did it and I'll tell you the reason he did it.

"You remember last week when his card came home he had only a B in his conduct. I said to him that I'd have no B boy in the family. He'd have to make it A.

"Well it seems by his own confession that he was no better this week and you gave him the same mark and I don't blame you for it. But you see I had told him that

if he came home with another B I'd put dresses on him and make him wear them all day Saturday.

"Now he knew I meant it and he'd have to wear them. So what does he do but go to the mail box that he knows the report will be in and drop lighted matches into it until he burns everything in it to a crisp. O, he says he did it himself.

"But I'm not blaming you. It's my own fault for telling him I'd make him wear the dresses. I know that. My husband says the same. But could you speak a word to the judge for us?"

Of course the judge let Mac off. He felt as the rest of us did that Mac had had provocation. The punishment his mother had promised him was not the sort that a boy could face with any degree of fortitude. It was disgraceful. It robbed him of his selfhood.

Punishments are such dangerous things. Think over them well. Examine them from all sides, especially the child's, before administering them. Then don't, nine times out of ten.

§ 21. *ACCORDING TO SCALE*

When the time came to serve dessert Arthur sat back in his chair and folded his napkin cheerfully and said, "I can't have any. I talked in school to-day."

"Then you ought to be ashamed of yourself, that's all I can say," said his mother severely and passed a saucer of pudding to little sister.

Arthur said nothing but continued to look cheerful. He had faced the situation so often that it had not even the elements of interest for him.

A few days later he came in with wet and muddy feet. "I went into the pond for my ball," he announced cheerfully, "so I knew I couldn't go to the party this afternoon. I'll put on my old clothes and stay in the yard."

"Now what are you going to do with a boy like that?" queried his mother. "Punishments do him no good. He knows exactly what ought to happen to him and takes it on himself. Yet he goes to work and does the thing he knows he will be punished for just the same."

Then why punish him? You see it doesn't do a bit of good. You adopted a formal scale of weights and measures and he accepted it. For talking in school, no dessert. For wet feet, stay in the yard in old clothes. For eating between meals, porridge for supper.

He wasn't even taking a chance when he was disorderly. There was no adventure in it. Just so much for so much. He counted the price and then purchased his pleasure.

What he needed was a surprise now and then. Life was routined too far and too often. The punishment idea had fitted into its groove and had no further interest for him.

But the real error lay in the fact that he had no idea

of behavior as a natural expression of his own living. It had been submerged by the punishment idea.

Conduct is self-expression. It is good conduct when the self is right according to the best standards and bad when it accords with the worst. How is a child to have good conduct?

It never grows out of measured rewards and punishments. It grows as the self of the child grows and that is only through letting the instincts work through activities; by telling the child what was good conduct when he showed it and pointing out his mistakes when he made them.

Fearing to let a child make a mistake, cramping him down with punishments and rewards and prohibitions does not make for good conduct. It makes for negative, helpless, clinging creatures who cannot hope to be self-sustaining, self-supporting people.

No, I think rewards and punishments are not strongly educative factors.

§ 22. *THE MOODY CHILD*

About the most trying child among all sorts of children is the moody child. The one who sinks into gloom without apparent causes and sticks there in spite of anything you can say or do to win a cheerful look, or a ray of light from the glazed eye. What makes them that way?

We can only guess. We are sure of just one thing about them though. They are very unhappy when these seizures overcome them. Deadly unhappy. Their misery ought to appeal to our sympathy and all our patience and tact be brought to bear upon them.

To help them one must try to discover what brings on the mood and then try to avoid it and help the child to fight it. The gifted children are likely to be subject to moods. Often after they have expended themselves in effort they sink into moody silence that troubles those about them.

The best thing to do for them is to leave them alone. Rest is what they need and silence is the finest and most comforting of rests to frazzled nerves. Speech acts like flicks on the raw. Let them alone. If you have anything to say that you think will help, say it when the mood is over. It is too late when it is on. Try to keep such children from overdoing, a most difficult thing to do.

Some children have moods of despondency because they overeat or eat what is not good for them. They have an attack of indigestion, that's all. The cure for that is obvious. Attend to their diet. The old lady who used to reach for a bottle of castor oil whenever her son showed signs of grumpiness wasn't far wrong in her diagnosis.

The most serious mood of any is the exhilaration of the overstimulated child. He laughs and talks without stop-

ping for breath. He trots restlessly up and down and to and fro until the family are worn out. He is still going strong. What was it that excited him so? Try to find out and avoid it and rein him in to control himself. If you cannot help him get the better of it the best thing to do is to call in a specialist and have him prescribe a routine for the sick child, for sick he certainly is.

But whether the moods are the kinks of genius or the acidity of indigestion or the reactions of an unstable nervous organization the moody child calls for our best care. He is not a case for punishment. Don't say to a giggling child, "Stop it this minute or I'll slap you well." Speak gently and firmly and send him on an errand with something to carry in his hand. That last is very important.

If he is brooding over a failure to attain his end don't scold him for moping. Speak to him gently and ask him to do you a favor. If he is a worn-out child, down in the valley of night because he has burnt out his candle and must wait now for more power, for pity's sake let him alone.

§ 23. *GRADED*

The Smith Street school was noted for its high standard of scholarship. The heads of that institution of learning were very proud of their record of successes with the Regents' and college entrance. "Any child who sits in a class in this school has well earned the privilege," was the proud boast of the scholarly principal.

It was a fine school, no doubt of that. It was polished and shining with cleanliness; the furniture bore no marks of ill-usage; no dog ears marked the fine textbooks. The walls were hung with good pictures, gifts of the appreciative parents, and the classrooms had every advantage of modern equipment for although this was an old building tradition had maintained it at the highest possible standard.

The teachers were saturated with the tradition. Their voices were tuned to it, their clothes were cut by it, their instruction was ruled by it. "That is not done in the Smith Street school" was sufficient to keep it from ever being done. Life was even, scholarship was graded in the Smith Street school and the clock ticked out the years with distinct and even tone. One believed that even time itself had been scanned and set in his place in this ordered, placid scheme.

Then something extraordinary happened in a little country called Poland, thousands of miles removed from the Smith Street school but close enough to it in that intangible scheme of living to set it by the ears, if such a dignified force could be said to have any ears. A group of Polish children, eager eyed, rosy cheeked, without a word of English, trooped through the age-browned doors and begged admission.

Now the flag flies over each school in this land and it

promises certain precious privileges to those under its folds and Polish children, seeking refuge, come under the promise and good old Smith Street would stand by though it shook with the shock from furnace pit up. "Of course they must be taken in and taught right from the ground up," said the worried administrator. "But this lad is fifteen years old and I shall have to put him in the beginners' class because he must be graded on the course of study." So Josef, who had been in secondary school in Poland, was placed in the baby class in old Smith Street and nearly died with mortification and embarrassment as he tried to make himself small enough to be overlooked as he brought up the rear of the marching line at dismissal time.

"Well, he does look intelligent," said the administrator, "but you know he knows no English and we can't find out just what he does know and until then he must be graded. It is too bad these difficulties arise. They disturb the organization so. Yes, war is a terrible thing."

It is. And the placid stupidities of unintelligent peace-lovers is terrible too. When life ungrades it is time for school and society to ungrade in the other direction and keep the balance. Stretch out a bit, adjust things here and there; get hold of the job that is without tradition in the untraditional way. Give Josef a chance.

§ 24. *DISCIPLINE THROUGH BEAUTY*

THE story is told of Burne-Jones visiting the nursery and finding one of the children standing in the corner for punishment. He looked sad and cut his visit short, going downstairs troubled and dispirited.

A few days later he appeared in the nursery with his brushes and color and made the punishment corner glorious with life and color. He made flowers and grasses and sunshine and a flight of birds. And there was a kitten that spoke of play and gay butterflies that fluttered and danced in joy. The sad corner had become an inspiration.

That is what children need more than anything else in this world in the way of discipline—inspiration to goodness through beauty. Fill their atmosphere with it. Crowd their lives so full of the beauty of truth and cleanliness and love and gentleness that ugliness of any sort, spirit or word or deed, will be alien to their experience and so ignored or discarded for the idea of beauty.

That will not be so difficult as it might appear at first glance. As a general thing the simple things are the most beautiful. To be sure simplicity is arrived at only through much self-restraint and discipline, but we older folk can well afford a bit of that for the sake of the children.

For instance: Children's clothes ought to be beautiful. They should be lovely in color and line, simple in design, fit for the occasion. A little effort on our part will secure all that and we have made a big stride forward toward harmonizing the children and their surroundings.

The tones that we use in speaking to children ought to be gentle and musical and full of drawing power. Now I know that all of us are not nightingales, but I know also that we were not born with the vocal equipment that be-

speaks a cross between a crow and a steam calliope. Every teacher or parent or guardian ought to sit quietly and listen to the church organ for at least twenty minutes a week and ponder his own musical quality. Beauty of tone draws a child unfailingly.

The things a child handles, looks at, lives with should speak of beauty, for beauty is a thing of the spirit and spirit is essence of living. Can you speak to a child of beauty while he holds a dirty schoolbook in his hands or sits at a desk that is scarred and battered and dilapidated? While he uses a dressing room that is repulsive in its disregard of everything that makes for self-respect and decency? While he stands in the corner and gazes at a dirty wall and broods on the evil of his guardian's ways?

Burne-Jones knew that children's souls starved for the want of beauty and he made the punishment corner into a place of joy. We too know the need of beauty in the training of a child. Have we struggled to attain it? Have we remembered that inspiration is what is needed—not punishment—and that beauty is a powerful inspiration to the soul of a child?

§ 25. *TENSION*

You cannot teach, and no child can learn in a state of tension. Thoughts are such subtle things that the least hint of the obvious and the harsh, and the strenuous, they are away. You can wedge a thought into memory occasionally by the hammer and tongs method but the easy blithe flow of thought from one mind to the other is dammed by tension. When you feel your neck stiffen and your jaws lock, do not try to teach a child. It cannot be done.

When you feel that life and death struggle settling upon you tell the class to take their readers or their favorite history books and read for a time. And do you go apart from them a little and say your prayers. The prayers may be of whatever sort refreshes you most, loosens the tension soonest.

Thoughts of the garden at home, larkspur and hollyhock and lemon verbena, shabby old roses, may do it for you. Visions of the trip round the world with never a care save the joy of to-morrow may unlock it for you. Any day-dream will do if you will but free yourself long enough to enjoy it. Don't let any conscience problem rise and bar the way. Let go. Tension will not let you pass and you must pass.

The classroom clashes come when the teacher is strung up tight. The mood is contagious and rapidly spreads to the class. Let a book fall or an unlucky inkwell splash over and the catastrophe is on. The damage done in three minutes may take years to undo. All because the teacher did not understand a bit of technique that should have been part of her subconsciousness.

Mother had a hard day. The milkman was late and the baby was cross. The laundress couldn't come and the por-

ridge burned. To make things worse she burned her hand, not much, just enough to grind it into her thought for the next hour or two. By the time the children came home for luncheon her face was grim, her words few and short and sharp. Thunder and lightning were in the air and the first whoop let them loose. Nobody enjoyed the luncheon, mother least of all. The children who should have returned to school refreshed and renewed, buoyant and courageous, went doggedly back to work and got poor marks and a scolding from the tense teacher made more so by the tense children.

All of us who have to do with children must learn the truth about ourselves. We pass on our moods, we aggravate those of others, we hinder those whom most we would help because we do not know how to relax. We take ourselves and the passing moment too seriously. As if there were never to be another day, another chance for children to grow. The result is tempers and tantrums and spilled emotion.

Instead of taking an extra course in science and pedagogy it might be well to take one in relaxation. Therein lies much peace.

> The most educational factor in a school is its "life." We may be sure at the outset that a socialized school cannot be evolved, one in which the pupils will be increasingly educating themselves under the directing influence of a teacher, unless the teacher herself has pretty clearly in mind the essential difference between a school built upon the idea of pupil submission and one built on the idea of pupil development.—Mirick, *Progressive Education*

To help without hindering; to guide without directing; to bring forth and not put in; these summarize the progressive principle of method in dealing with children at work. True education is expression. Teachers have been long in learning this lesson. Many are ignorant of this truth even now. The battle is one of pedagogues mainly. We teach as we were taught. Imitation is often stronger than imagination.

We need vision in our dealings with boys and girls. "Where there is no vision, the people perish." Without vision a teacher is worse than dead; for she is lifeless and doesn't know it. Superficiality is a curse of our time. To distinguish essentials from chaff, to insist upon a thorough mastery of essentials is the sign of the teacher with a vision. Pupil and class needs determine the essentials. Teachers need to house-clean thoroughly. Too much is taught which is useless. Boys and girls have need for some things thoroughly mastered. The list of these minimum essentials is short. Why are we so loath to give up old ideas?

Too long our boys and girls have been teacher-dominated. Sometimes the pendulum swings too far and freedom becomes license. To be actively in the background of an operation is the teacher's place. True control comes from

within. It is individual. We need, not teacher-dominated, but self-controlled boys and girls, working out problems growing out of their own needs.

Problems

1. When you visit a school what is there about it that sends you away with the impression that it is a "good school"? List the specific characteristics of such a school.
2. What is a well-disciplined school? How may a teacher help in bringing such conditions about?
3. Is it possible to use grades and marks in a natural way in dealing with boys and girls. Explain how this state may be approached.
4. What constitutes the "life of a school"?
5. The school is as complex as life itself. How do you account for this fact? What hope is there for the future?
6. What in your opinion constitutes the ideal relation between pupil and teacher?
7. Why are clear-sighted teachers and supervisors crying for curriculum revision? What must our curriculum eventually become?

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Part Six

The Home and the School

§ 1. *THE SCHOOL'S JOB*

The school should turn out boys and girls who can think. Children who can think quickly, accurately, intelligently.

They should be able to make up their minds and hold fast to a decision until it is proved to be wrong. A blow-with-the-wind is useless.

They should be able and willing to do a bit of work thoroughly and to stay with it to a clean finish. Clock workers are a nuisance.

They should be cheerful and good-mannered. Gloomy faces, discontented murmurings, disagreeable and thoughtless actions, and boorishness are beneath any self-respecting child.

They should be good to look at. That has nothing to do with painted faces and messy hair. Nobody ever said that they were good to look at. No more are flashy clothes, including loud ties and brilliant socks. A clean skin, a free-limbed, healthy body, glowing eyes, and shining white teeth are within the reach of every healthy child.

They should be reserved enough not to gossip. The young person whose mind is messed up with trivialities, whose tongue prattles of petty personalities, is never going to pass the barriers set up to guard the elect.

They should be able to read and write their language clearly. They should be in command of a fine voice and a nice speech. The slang and inelegancies of the playground should be left there.

They should be able to use numbers within their experience; keep a simple set of accounts and understand the use and values of a bank account. They should know what living within their incomes means.

They should appreciate the beauty and the place of silence.

Reading this over you think that this is not too much to ask of a good school. It is not too much to ask of an American child trained in a good home and drilled in a good school.

Will you please check up about ten graduates of your elementary schools and find out where they stand?

Then you will know whether your education is functioning or not. If it is you are to be congratulated, thanked, and cheered. If it isn't then you are in the same place as the rest of us and are to be shaken up and talked to and admonished like this:

When did you visit your school last? What did you look for and what did you see?

What sort of teachers have you? How much do you pay them? Why don't you pay them more? How many children do you ask each of them to teach at one time?

What are the sanitary conditions of your school? Your medical and nursing inspection?

How much have you increased your educational budget in the last three years? What new equipment have you put in?

Remember you won't get much more out of your school than what you put into it. The teachers are ready, are you?

§ 2. *UNTO THE THIRD AND FOURTH GENERATIONS*

There was nothing quick about the judge. He weighed two hundred pounds. He carried them solemnly and with a due regard to their ownership. His speech came ponderously. He always selected the longest possible words and used as many as he could.

He had a sensitive regard for what was due to a man who had raised himself to his present eminence. He had come from the other side. His people had been close to the soil from the beginning of time. The judge felt that he had in some way distinguished his family by breaking away from the tradition.

He liked to think "that alone and unaided, save by the gracious hospitality of the Goddess of Liberty, under whose illuminating influence he had gained an education, he had won an honorable position in this the proudest Commonwealth of the World."

This morning he seemed heavier and more solemn than ever. He was painfully deliberate about taking off his overcoat and laying aside his stick. He "assumed a seat" and cleared his throat.

"I've come to impose upon your friendship—to beg your indulgence for a few minutes. I am in a quandary. I am, I'm ashamed to confess it, in a predicament. I've ventured to bring the matter to your attention in the hope that you might advise me. Your greater experience might give you stronger light on this matter than I have. Although why this should be so I am at a loss to explain."

Phillips waited patiently. It was plain that the judge was troubled. The avalanche of language had not com-

pletely buried his pain. It peered imploringly through his kindly eyes.

"You know my son, John?"

"Why yes. I always liked John. He is a fine boy. Nothing wrong with John I hope?"

"Yes and no. There is and there isn't. He had some difficulty in graduating, you remember. We had to get a tutor for him in mathematics and grammar. We entered him in high school and now at the end of the term he cannot get a passing mark in Latin and mathematics. What is to be done? I want him to go to the university law school and he cannot get through high school."

"What does John say?"

"He says," and the judge's face crimsoned with shame at the thought, "he says that he wants to go to the agricultural college. Think of it. *My* son a farmer. And his mother agrees with him."

"Then I'd say let him go to the agricultural college and be a farmer. John has gone back to the ways of his fathers and they were good ways. This country of ours needs farmers like John."

But the judge went away sorrowful.

§ 3. *REGULARITY*

If there is one thing more than another that retards children and takes away their interest in school it is irregular attendance. The children are working for dear life on long division. That is a difficult and involved process for the youngsters. They master it slowly and step by step. Grown people would be a bit astonished to discover the carefully graded steps that the children take in accomplishing this task. Steps leading one into another and very close together. If one is lost the whole process is spoiled for that child.

Yet just when the class is in the middle of it somebody stays home. Stays home because the clock stopped and the breakfast was late, or company was coming and they hadn't seen Jane for a long time and mother thought that just this once . . . or there was a bargain in school shoes and Thomas had to be fitted.

And there is the child who tires of the concentrated effort necessary to master this lesson and comes down to breakfast with a long face and announces that he isn't feeling just right, can't exactly say where. Just feels bad. Mother is afraid he may be coming down with something and lets him stay home whereupon he is restored to perfect health.

What happens to the lesson? There is a big hole where an idea ought to be and long division will in all likelihood bother that child for many a long day.

Whenever a child loses a day in school he loses not only his lessons for that day but he loses a series of impressions that ought to have been knitted into his school set of ideas. A sort of school complex.

Out of that series of ideas spring all sorts of other ideas

which form the cast of the child's life. If, for instance, he stays out day after day he loses all interest in school and the school complex is modified to say that regularity in attending to a duty, finishing a task once begun is not really important. The lessons in school are really containers for sets of impressions that we wish to convey. Take the lessons of the school out of their place of first importance and you put another set of impressions in control. You destroy the work of the school.

One does not wish to send a sick child to school. Certainly not. But one should wish to send a well child to school day after day with clocklike regularity and nothing but serious illness should interfere with his going.

Broken attendance is wasteful. It steals time that the children can never restore for a child's learning time is brief. The high tide of curiosity and interest in each bit of knowledge or experience comes but once. When it recedes, duty, the taskmaster, must take its place. One learns better when one learns happily and duty rarely keeps step to a dancing tune. Learning loves to do so.

This term send the children to school as regularly and as rhythmically as the sun rises and sets. It is one of the greatest contributions that the home can make to the school. And the school is for *your* children.

§ 4. *THE REPORT CARD*

"Please take back that poor mark and give him a good one. He's only two points short. I wouldn't ask it only he never has had a poor card before. I keep all his cards and this is the only one that I ever had with such a record."

"I'm sorry, but I cannot change his rating," said the teacher gravely. "That mark is the measure of his work. According to our records it is correct."

"But what difference does it make to you? Just for two points you give him a poor mark."

"The standard for the school is fixed. I do not fix it. I have nothing to do with it. I teach your son all he is willing and able to learn of the work of his grade. I record the amount and the quality of it. He earned a poor mark and he got it."

"You're the first teacher that he ever had that gave him such a mark."

"Perhaps this is the first time he has ever earned it."

"He's just the same as he ever was. It's all in the teacher. I must say I don't think you are very sympathetic. A kind word goes a long way with children and I can see if you were a little more lenient he would get on better."

The teacher swallowed the remark that pushed for utterance and said instead, "We'll hope he will do better next month."

"Well, as long as I can't get any satisfaction from you I'll have to see the principal."

The principal looked at the card, listened to the story and said, "You have seen the teacher?"

"Yes, and she says she won't change it. She says he earned it and she won't change it."

"I don't see that there is anything more to be said, then."

"I'll tell you why I wanted it changed. The boy's father promised him a football if his record was good and now if he sees this he won't give it to him. And he's only short two points."

The principal picked up the picture of a handsome little boy and held it toward the mother. "Fine boy, isn't he," he asked her.

"Yes," was her puzzled response.

"Would you say it was a picture of your boy?"

"No. Not at all. Nothing like him."

"You wouldn't accept that as a picture of your son although it is a beautiful picture. Then why do you want us to give you a picture of your son that would be no truer than this? For a report card is only a picture of your boy at work in school. You would not want one that was not yours?"

"No, I suppose not," she sighed. "Boys are very hard to bring up, though. Dear me. If they could only be good all the time."

§ 5. *MY MOTHER CAN*

CHARLOTTE burst into the house at noon time.

"O, mother, what do you think?"

"Softly child. Don't be so excited. What is it?"

"What do you think happened at school to-day? You'll never guess."

"Tell me. Then I'll know."

"This morning Belle's mother came to school and sang for the assembly. It was beautiful. Lots nicer than she sings at home. I've heard her lots of times.

"And she was all dressed up. She looked like a picture. She sang 'When Mother Takes the Fairy Book,' and 'When My Mother Sings to Me.' O, it was grand. We clapped and clapped.

"And Peabody Nelson walked up and made a funny bow. I guess he didn't have time to practice it much because the whole thing was a surprise, and gave her a bouquet.

"Belle was as proud as Punch. But I told her to wait until you recited. You'd show her a thing or two."

"What? Not really?"

"I really did, mother. I wasn't going to have her thinking that her mother was the only one that could do things. Mr. Phillips asked us to ask our fathers and mothers to come to school and do things, an act or something. I forget what he called it.

"Elliot's father is coming next week to play the piano for us."

"Elliot's father? Are you sure?"

"Yes. I'm sure. Mr. Phillips said, 'Elliot's father, the great pianist, will play for you next week.' So I told him that you would recite for us the week after that."

"Charlotte, that was dreadful of you. You should have asked me first. Whatever shall I do?"

"That's all settled, Mother. I told him that you would sing the 'Little Brown Bear' and tell a couple of Brer' Rabbit stories, and maybe one of your own make-up stories. He said that would be great.

"And, Mother, be sure to wear your blue dress with the floating sleeves. You look like an angel in that and I do want you to make a hit."

Mother groaned but what could she do? She wore the blue dress and sang the songs and told the stories and made the "hit."

And she and the children and the neighbors' children seem closer than ever before. And the school means more. And Charlotte is so proud.

§ 6. *THE FORCED CHILD*

Forced children are growing commoner. They are different from the older sort of spoiled children but not a bit better and quite as distressing to the teacher who understands what they mean.

One of them appeared in school lately. She was eight years old and asking for admission to the last year of elementary school. She had been forced along through the grades because she was easy to teach, because she was obedient and lent herself to the process. She had covered a line of study that would enable her to pass examinations in the grades and scurry along.

"You're a bit young for that grade," said the teacher.

"O, that's an old idea. I have done the work of the grades below and that is all that is necessary, isn't it?"

"Not quite. Have you read much? For instance, do you know Andersen's fairy tales?"

"We took up the 'Ugly Duckling.' I know that one. It's the type story and from it I got a fair idea of Andersen."

"I see. You didn't enjoy reading him any further?"

"Perhaps I might have but of course there wasn't time for much of any one subject. We studied types, you know."

"Yes, yes. Geography now. You know a good deal of geography?"

"I know the continents and oceans, of course, and the physical geography in outline. We took typical cities and that gave an idea of each country. London for England, Paris for France, you see."

"History?"

"We did that in biography mostly. I know Washington

—a little about his life—and Lincoln, and Napoleon and Alexander the Great and Joan D'Arc and King John. Like that."

"Yes, yes. Grammar, now. Know any grammar?"

"We never studied grammar. Only used the language. You see we used outlines largely."

"I see. How did that work for spelling, for instance?"

"Spelling is incidental. I don't spell so very well but the teacher didn't correct spelling. We learn that as we go along."

"Well, we'll try to fit you in but it looks to me as though you'd have to have a special program. However, we'll see."

What we saw was a child very much messed up in matters of the ordinary curriculum. She had scraps of information that lay around loose, unassociated with any other scrap and without foundation in experience. But she was hurrying on to make a record. She would enter college younger than any other girl in her circle. Outlines were the thing. Types were all that was necessary. When we suggested that school was a place to grow in and that children, according to the great authority, Robert Louis, grew very slowly, she left us.

She had no sense of humor, no sense of childhood. She was scurrying past it all on the back of an outline. Pitiful.

§ 7. *SPEEDING UP*

Somebody seems to be in a great hurry. Just who it is differs according to the person you are talking to. "The school life of children is too long. Cut it down."

That is the taxpayer of course. Every year less a child stays in schools saves the taxpayer money. Of course he has never followed up those speeded children so he really does not know whether he saved money by hurrying them out of school or whether he paid it again in terms of other institutions. They get out of school early and that looks good to him.

"We want young boys and girls who don't expect a million dollars a minute the very day they begin to work. Send them along. No need of their staying in school until they vote."

That of course is the small business man who wants a cheap errand boy who can easily be replaced by another cheap boy when he grows old enough to discover that it costs him considerable more money to live than he is earning.

"They are very bright children. You'd be surprised to know how much they know. They can read the newspapers and tell their father just what he wants to know about anything at all. You'd be surprised. Skip them a class. They don't need to do every class like the other children. They can save a year or two and enter high school early."

That is the ambitious parent's point of view. Hurry him through school and let me have the proud honor of saying to a group of envious parents, "My son is the youngest boy that ever entered the university."

So everybody is in a hurry. The children must be speeded up to suit the spirit of the adults whatever that

may be at the time. Is this haste good for the children? Do they stay too long in school?

That depends entirely upon the child and upon the school. The heart of the matter lies in this little fact that is often overlooked, it is so commonplace: The maturity of the child's mind determines his rate of speed. That's all. If he has had the right sort of experiences and has applied them to new situations from day to day he has ripened to that extent. He is ready for the next step, for further experiences and further application.

Learning the dates in the back of the history book, knowing how to diagram the hard sentences in the grammar and getting ninety on "problems" isn't education unless there is an accompanying maturity of mind. In either case the grade does not matter particularly.

Waiting for the set promotion day is soon going to be a thing of the past. Each child will travel through the school courses at his own rate of speed and mature at his own date. He sets his own speed and parent and business man and anxious boards of education and worried teachers will cease from troubling and take a much needed rest after the great hurry of this present day. Even a high I.Q. is not a signal to speed the child through the grades. Let him find his own rate and let him travel at that.

Do away with the rigid school program and the speeding will take care of itself.

§ 8. *THE HUNDRED PER CENT CHILD*

Every parent and teacher is engaged in the pursuit of the hundred per cent child. If Sammie gets ninety-eight in spelling the teacher looks at him sadly and asks, "Why didn't you get a hundred?" When he gets home his mother says, "Why didn't you get a hundred? I suppose Henry Puddingstone did, didn't he?"

It isn't confined to spelling or any other grade subject, though. The idea is that the real child, the best child, is a hundred percenter. He never tells a lie; he never takes what is not his; he never skins in a lesson; he never breaks a rule; he is never dirty; he is always all right.

Now that would be perfectly all right if the hundred per cent was an ideal toward which every child was striving with the aid and sympathy of his parents and teachers when he failed. Aid and sympathy based on the knowledge that neither parent nor teacher ever got a hundred per cent job done in his life and that he never would nor could. Life holds no hundred per cents.

Instead of that when a child fails—when, for instance, he does what every normal human being has done, lies to shield himself—his parents and teachers are horror-stricken. They take the attitude that the child has sinned beyond redemption; they weep about it, scold about it, and nag about it until the child begins to feel that for him all hope is lost. Which is a very bad thing to make any child feel.

When he lies he is to be taken aside and steadily told that he has made a very silly mistake; that lies are stupid because they are so futile; that they are so futile because there is in this world a law of God that never wavers from truth and all the lies in the world fall down before it.

Point out to him again and again the stupidity, the futility, the cheapness of lying until he understands that he is casting aside his birthright when he strays from truth.

But don't weep and wring your hands and tell him nobody in the family ever did such a thing and that he has disgraced the whole family and the school. The person hurt is himself and he would not hurt himself if he understood. Teach him.

The same thing holds good for the rest of the story. You know that there is no such thing as a hundred per cent anything in this world and if you tell a child who has made his best effort that he has failed because he did not get the other two or three per cent and you are unhappy about it you are setting up a false standard for him and you are training him to deceive himself and you.

Deceiving himself is the very serious part of the hundred per cent child. If he succeeds in getting a hundred per cent in an examination he immediately thinks he is a perfect specimen of his kind which, of course, cannot be true. He acts on that supposition and gets exactly nowhere because those who live close to the world and its ways know.

They know that the most any of us can expect to get out of our job is a passing mark. Those who look upon it will say, "Well done. But the next time—" Go easy on that hundred per cent.

§ 9. *THE RIGHT START*

So many people seem to think that the second best is quite good enough for the children. "They are only children. They won't appreciate it. Why go to all the trouble and expense of giving them the best books, the best tools, the best teachers? A degree less of beauty is cheaper and just as good for them. They'll never know the difference."

They may not know the difference but they will feel it. Children respond quickly to fine things. Fine workmanship, fine literature, fine art, fine people meet a ready response from childhood. It will not be in words but it will be in silent appreciation and harmonious conduct.

You can test this easily any time. Place a child in the room with some one who is loud-voiced and crude-mannered and inside five minutes the child has raised his voice and taken on the rude manner. Then try him in the presence of a lady or gentleman of the "old school" and note the tone of his voice and the change of manner.

It is worth while to give the children the best associations, the richest experiences within our power. Nothing is too much trouble if it results in storing away a memory of a fine idea in the mind of a child. I know I am right. I have been troubled about this at times because so many people said, "Foolish. Children never notice. Even if they do it won't stay with them. You're wasting time and money." But I know I am right.

Fabre tells how a family of spider babies are launched into the world. They are hatched and waiting. The day must be sunny. If it breaks wet or cloudy the launching is postponed. When at last the world is bathed in

golden sunshine there is a bustle in the spider family. The time has come.

The baby spiders rush up to the top of the nearest growing bush, the higher the better. They spin threads that are lightly fastened to the twig. Their thread floats out to another twig and makes a bridge. From this they branch out to one higher up. Up they climb on their tiny threads until they can see far over the world they are soon to enter.

And then they spin a thread that floats on the breeze. A whiff catches it and away the little aviator rides, he knows not where. He is off to seek his fortune.

And that fortune is to be found close to the ground. The little spider will never climb again. All his life is spent on the ground among the grasses. But before he started in being a grown-up spider God sent him up to a high place and gave him a vision and launched him gloriously in the sparkling sunshine.

So I am sure that it is right, that it is our duty to lead the children to the heights, to give them a vision of good things, to give them a glimpse of beauty and joy that will tarry in their souls all their days. The work of the world will be done none the worse because the workers have caught the gleam from the heights.

§ 10. *"GIMME"*

This is the generation of the Gimme's. To see is to want and to want is to demand, "Gimme." That is not healthy for children. The worst that can happen to any of us is to get exactly what we want, or think we want, when we want it, so often that it becomes a habit of living. Yet grown people who know this train children to that habit and comfort themselves with the thought that they are making children happy.

In the first place the getting of things does not make them happy. You have only to think of the children of the rich folk who so pamper their children that they have neither interest nor appetite for any sort of experience, to realize that this is true.

"Gimme," say they with petulant frown and impatient gesture. "Gimme." And they get and they discard and cry again, "Gimme." They will continue to get and to cry and to throw aside just as long as those about them continue to illtreat them in this way. The law is plain; if we would enjoy what we have we must first earn it by the sweat of our brow, our back, and our brain. That is the law the "Gimme's" violate and that is the reason they suffer and in their suffering, for discontent is a gnawing pain, they become warped and distorted and useless for the service of life. For dodge it as you may, the price of happiness and health, physical and moral, is personal effort.

Our children are cheated out of the effort. We are all alike guilty. At home when a child asks for something that he would like to play with we do not look about to see what he has that he might bend to his use before going out and buying him what he asks for. If we did the young-

ster would have lots more fun and a fund of fine experiences that would give body and background to his pleasure.

Which child has the most pleasure out of his wagon? The lad who saves boxes and hunts the junk pile over for wheels and nails, finding a bit here and a bit there and swapping with his neighbor for the very piece he needs next, or the lad whose father telephones the shop to "send up a good oak cart, painted red and yellow, please, and if you have one of the self-propelling sort, we'd prefer that. Thank you"?

Even the schools cultivate the "Gimme's." "O, I know it," sighs the teacher, "but where am I going to get the time to let him work his way? By the time he is well started the bell rings and the time is gone. I've got to give it to him and cram it into him. I've got to make it easy for him."

There ought to be some way to let children discover the truth that will rise to confront them sooner or later. There ought to be some way to teach them that only through their own effort can they make things, any sort of desirable thing, their own. That what is given them, what is thrust upon them, is not and never will be their own. Ownership and enjoyment of it comes in just one way, the old way the Lord opened to Adam and Eve after he drove them out of the garden He had *given* them. Perhaps that was the way He taught them that "Gimme" was not part of His plan.

§ 11. *THE PLAYGROUND*

If I were building a school just as I wanted it I would secure my playground first. I would get as much land as I could for it and as good an equipment as possible. After that I'd give my attention to the school building. I'd be safe because everybody knows how to make a schoolhouse but very few people understand about the playground.

They think it is a place where children "just play" and why concern one's self and spend money just for that? Such a futile thing as children's play. They never give it another thought. When you persist they say, "Yes, yes. Of course I know. You have to have toilets and all that. We'll see that you get them. When we get through with the school building we'll let you have the space that is left."

And there isn't any space and they shrug their shoulders and say, "What of it? This isn't the place to play. It's the place where children come to work at their lessons. You tend to that and they'll get enough play on the streets and at home."

So when I build the school that I want I shall start with the playground because I, being a teacher, know that children learn more by playing freely than they do by studying under pressure.

I believe that clear ideas come only when they are borne along by hands and feet and ears and eyes and noses and voices. I believe that the more action a child gets into his day the better educated child he is that day.

His action lies in his own world, which is a play world. Here he plans and carries out his plans, works with other children or by himself. He can train his legs on the track, his arms on the field and the court.

I want to have play rooms too where he can have things he needs to play with and I want a shop with tools where he can mend the things he breaks. If a wheel comes off a skate he can go into this place and mend it. If he needs a wagon he can make it.

The shop would be a crude place because children make crude things when they begin. When they want to screw on a nut they don't want to be bothered with technique. But when they find that the nut won't stay on they will want to know what to do to make it stay and they will ask for and be given the technique in the finely equipped shop that the people who built the school put there.

You see the children won't have much use for the fine school equipment unless it is pointed by a better play equipment. For this is a law of childhood: The play of to-day becomes the work of to-morrow. If you are really in earnest about that to-morrow's work you would better help people like me to build playgrounds.

I wrote all this because I passed a new school one day and there was no playground. Not one bit.

§ 12. *THE HIGH I.Q.*

"I'm indignant," said Charlotte's father, "and I think justly so. Two months ago the teacher sent home a report that stated that my daughter had the highest I.Q. in the school. Now I get this." And he laid down a report card plentifully bedewed with red ink.

"My child, measured by your own standard, is the brightest child in your school. Yet you mark her down in work and conduct. It's past my comprehension."

"When we told you that your child had a high Intelligence Quotient we meant to tell you that she had the opportunity to become the finest student in the school. This record merely tells you that she has not accepted the opportunity."

"Then the reflection is upon the teacher and not upon the child. Admittedly we sent you the best sort of material and you sent us the very poorest result."

"That result is not due to the teacher. Her part in it is small. Charlotte has always been more or less lax about doing her work. Since we sent home the report of her high I.Q. she has done none at all.

"Her answer is, 'I am so bright I do not need to work.' She boasted to her mates that she could keep ahead of them without half trying. It is the story of the hare and the tortoise.

"During the past month I sent home two letters stating that the child was failing. I got no reply. When I insisted upon having some acknowledgement of the receipt of my letters Charlotte told me that you did not wish to be troubled with my complaints. If I had the brightest child in the town to teach and couldn't manage to do it you

were sorry but you really couldn't see what you could do for me.

"Even a bright child needs to have a wholesome regard for the day's work. You left the whole situation to the teacher. Half, no, more than half of it belongs to the child and her people.

"A child with a high I.Q. and a low purpose will come out at the foot of the class. The child with a lower I.Q. and a strong purpose to make good will stand at the head of the class. It isn't so much what your possibilities are as it is what use you make of them."

§ 13. *MAKE UP YOUR MIND*

Nobody can carry water on both shoulders without getting wet. My grandfather told me that long years before I knew what he meant. Lately I have thought a good deal about it when I hear parents finding fault with the church and the school and society at large for not setting their children a good example and actually forcing them to be fine moral citizens with a high place in mind and the promise of a good bank account.

There are some things that rarely come together in this world. Sometimes they do come, but it is rarely. Every parent has a special conscience toward his children. No matter what he does himself he wants the children to do what is right. He usually means that they shall tell the truth, respect other people's property, and live so that they have the respect if not the love and gratitude of the community.

But while the parent holds this ideal for his children and sternly rebukes the schools and the churches for their laxity, he must, he says, earn a living for those children so that they may have opportunities. What he means by opportunities is chances to get into a position where they have advantages over others in the way of earning money. That's the forking of the road.

Parents will preach honor and truth and justice and right to the children at bedtime but during dinner and all the evening they will live and talk about possessions and power and the way to gain both. They will plan to get an introduction to the leading politician, the leading financier, the leading business man, the leading society woman and they will, in their conversation, plainly indicate that the thing is to get there. Get there. Place and power and

money are the most desirable things in sight. After that they will remember that children ought to have ideals. They really ought. So they tell them a fine bedtime story, impress them with the idea of doing their duty and studying hard so that some day they will succeed.

Clothes are very important. The right tilt to a hat, the right number of inches at which a skirt shall escape or lie upon the floor, the proper style and the right touch to the complexion are discussed with the intensity worthy a better cause. And this, too, the children hear.

Make up your minds about what you want the children to be. If you would have them live by the ten commandments they would better meet them daily. If sobriety and frugality and modesty are to be their characteristics they would better know them by first-hand acquaintance in their homes. If sincerity and uprightness and honor are to come first in their dealings with men it would be well that they meet with them at home.

For I tell you in all earnestness that no school however dedicated, no church however consecrated, can take the place of the day-to-day living with righteousness in the home. It is home and the home people that educate the children for character and there is not the slightest use in scoring the schools and the churches when the homes shirk their job. Make up your minds what the children are to be and then set about shaping them to it by your example.

§ 14. *A SLIGHT REMEMBRANCE*

Nita's grandfather was an artist, a very great artist, whose name on a bit of statuary made it worth so much money that it was spoken about in whispers.

Nita went to kindergarten with a score or so of her neighbors. Sometimes when school was over they invaded the studio of the old artist. He gave them royal welcome and bits of clay and puddles of color.

At times they worked by themselves in a corner, oftener they squatted about on the floor or perched themselves on the scaffolds and watched wonders grow under the fingers of the master.

They talked a lot of course, generally about their school and their teacher. "She's grand," said Rollo. "I wouldn't be bad for her. Not for anything."

"Me neither," assented another. "I couldn't be bad for her."

"Yu' better not," said a five-year-old, aggressively. "I'll fix you up if you are. She's my friend, she is."

Now birthdays are scrupulously observed in the kindergarten. The guest of honor is paid every attention. It is his day. Some one discovered, or thought he did, which was the same thing, that the teacher was going to have a birthday soon.

Something must be done about it. The group chattered for days without arriving at any conclusion. An idea came to one of them as they puttered about the studio.

"We could give her a picture of herself, a marble one like that over in the corner," and he pointed to a lovely statue of an angel done in Carrara marble. "Does your grandfather charge much for his pictures of ladies like that?"

"O, my, yes," said Nita, her head wisely perched on one side. "O, yes. A lot of money. As much as four dollars, maybe five."

"We could take the money out of our banks and that might be enough. Maybe your grandfather would give it to us cheaper on account of you being in his family."

"Of course," said Nita, serenely.

They collected two dollars and sixty-three cents and poured it out on the table before the astonished artist. "We'd like a marble picture or a bronze one, whichever you wish, of our teacher," said the spokesman politely. "Will you please make it this afternoon and give it to us for to-morrow when it's her birthday?"

"Let me see," said the old gentleman. "It takes me quite a long time to make one of those pictures."

"That's all right, grandfather," said Nita, cheerfully. "You have one that will do. It looks just like her," and she pointed out a little statue of the Madonna that stood on his desk. "Wrap up that one for us and we'll give it to her to-morrow."

Which he did and the morrow came the teacher in haste carrying the Madonna. "There has been some mistake. The children—"

"There has been no mistake, madam, unless it was mine in waiting so long to do what I should have done long ago. The children were right. You and I are in the same guild. We exchange work. I hope mine pleases you."

§ 15. *HANDS*

"I do wish you school people wouldn't use greasy machinery and messy bottles and gummy wires and the rest of the grimy things. What's the idea? What good is it? It may be perfectly all right to give that sort of thing to boys who will earn their living with their hands but my son is going into a profession. He won't need that work at all. And it might give him a distaste for his books."

It would be a fine thing if parents were to straighten out in their minds exactly what education means and how a child is educated. It would help wonderfully even to get this one point clear, the point about using one's hands.

Education does not lie in textbooks. A great part of it is to be found outside of them and can never be bound inside their covers. The great educational forces are people and experiences and the relations between them and the best way for a child to master these forces is through his hands. Hands have lifted men from the foot-beaten trail to the high-powered motor road. Hands have given us all we have. Hands have made us secure of what little we know of this world.

The engineer can plan a wonderful machine in his mind but the first step toward realization is to put the plan on paper. The idea must enter on the first stage of material existence through his hands. Then skilled workers take the plan and create the structure with their hands.

There is a very close association between hands and minds. Study the hands of the people about you and you will see that the hands of the highly trained, keenly intelligent workers have the trained, intelligent look. Hands are alive with the minds behind them.

The engineer, the surgeon, the dentist, the artist, all

have sensitive, intelligent hands. You feel instinctively that these hands are strong and sure. They never fumble nor grope nor lie helpless. They are trained hands.

The more highly trained and skillful the hand, the more intelligent, powerful, and successful is the mind behind it. That is one reason why the country boy is so often remarkably successful when he goes to the city to market himself. His hands are live and his mind is alert because the one trained the other as he used them in the countless chores of the farm.

It is a mistake to grumble because your child gets an opportunity to work with his hands. Guard every chance jealously. Hands are the gateway toward a complete and rich education. The reason the day laborer remained a laborer all his life was not because he got too much hand training but because he did not get enough.

§ 16. *PEOPLE*

Children care more for people than they do for things. They learn more from people than they do from things, too. That is why the personality of the teacher is far more important than the average her class gets. The average may mean anything under the sun, but the teacher means very definite forces at work on the children. Averages will be forgotten in no time at all but the work the teacher did on the child just by living with him stays for all time. So I'd say keep the children in touch with fine people.

"O, yes, of course," sighs the parent. "If we lived in a great city where there were great leaders, of course we would have a chance to get in touch with them—but in the small town? What can one do?"

Laugh at yourself. In the big city the leaders you mention have no time to stop and cultivate their souls by learning of children. But in the little town they have.

O, there are fine folk in the little towns. Yes, in the villages and the hamlets far in the mountains. There was a little village out of the beaten road that looked into a fair valley. The houses were scattered along the slope, far apart and zigzaggy.

One day workmen came and built a tiny brown cottage on the edge of a brown rock that was screened by cedars and hemlocks so that unless you knew its secret you'd pass right by. Everybody wondered who was going to live there.

"O, an old maid from the city back yonder. Building this for her lone self to live in. She and her cat," and that was all the village knew about it.

One morning the smoke curled from the chimney and they said, "Somebody's moved into the old maid's house.

Guess she's come." And that was all that happened for a long time for the lady that lived in the little house was shy and the neighbors didn't understand her. When once in a long time they passed her on the road she smiled shyly at them and stepped aside to let them pass.

One day Peggy Robins rushed panting to her mother. "O mother. I fell into the old maid's garden and O, she's lovely, and O, you ought to see her house, and O, she says will you come over and will you let me go back and O, she knows all the stories, and O, and O. . . ."

You see the little brown house was the workshop of a great story-teller, and she was longing to open her doors and her heart to her neighbors and especially to the children, but she was too shy and thought they didn't want to know her.

Now count up. Is there an old soldier, or sailor, about? Does a judge or a lawyer or a writer live in your town? Do the children know the best farmer and the best bird man and the best singer in town? Is the school-teacher your friend? And the minister? And the doctor? And your neighbor? And the man who fishes all day long or tramps the hills? What makes the queer man queer?

Find out and get them to open themselves to the children. Fine people live about you and children are educated by people more than by any other force in the world.

§ 17. *WASTING TIME*

Did you ever watch a child do a bit of drawing that he was greatly interested in? He draws in a line and then a few more and then reaches for his eraser. He scrubs furiously for a minute, then begins drawing again. This time he very likely rubs a hole in the paper, tosses the sheet away, takes another, and begins afresh.

"Waste, sheer waste," somebody exclaims. "A waste of paper, of time, and of energy. Scratch, scratch, rub, rub, rub."

That isn't waste at all. That is the way a child learns. It is the way you learn to do things yourself. Try, and try, make a mistake, throw it all away and try again and again until you find the way. So you learn.

Every time the child makes an effort and measures and judges his success he has taken another step on the road to accomplishment.

A little girl wants to learn to make biscuits. She follows the directions carefully but she beats the poor biscuits to a pavementlike texture in her effort to roll them out. She has failed to make biscuits but she has learned one thing; one must not pound biscuit dough if one wants light biscuit.

She must be encouraged to try another time and another and another. The little bit of material is not wasted really. Its full value has gone into her education.

Then don't scold and say you can't allow such wastefulness. The child is trying to educate himself in the only true way, the real way, through personal experiences, contacts with the things he wants to learn about.

There are times when this sort of education seems almost too expensive. The children make trial on some

material that we treasure and perhaps cannot replace when they have made their error and ruined it. But even then we must try to be patient and bear with them. They are feeling their way about a strange world. If their trials and errors end in ultimate success you will not grudge the pangs they cost you. And here lies the great secret of education. A child truly learns only what he tries out, tests out, and proves to his own personal satisfaction.

Each time he tries, even though he fails, his vision clears a bit. He organizes his mental energy, marshals his forces, and tries again. Each succeeding effort comes nearer the mark.

That is growth. That is education.

§ 18. *BUT HOW?*

"I WANT my son to be personally clean, take his bath regularly, brush his hair and teeth and nails and clothes and shoes. I want him to get up when he is called. I want him to give sufficient attention to his lessons to make creditable grades. I want him to have good manners, just plain, everyday, good manners. I want him to be frank and straightforward. I want him to have the habit of doing the things that will give him a healthy body and a clean soul.

"But—I get him to do some of these things some of the time but it's dreadfully hard to get him to do them daily without skimping or shirking. How can I get him to help himself form these good habits?"

That's a big order. It covers a lifetime of hard work and self-sacrifice and much patient waiting. We teachers and parents can only lay the foundations of right habits. The child has to practice them for a lifetime before he makes them a part of himself.

There is one law of habit that we are likely to overlook or, in our imperious impatience, try to brush aside. If the practice of a habit gives us joy we will achieve that habit easily and cling to it long. If it gives us annoyance we acquire it slowly and drop it as soon as we can.

Children cannot see any fun in all the washing and brushing and buttoning and lacing. They do not appreciate the reason for good manners nor feel the imperative need for spiritual uprightness. The practice of all such habits is more or less of an annoyance to them. It hinders their play and checks their desires and leaves them displeased if not bewildered.

Yet they must have this practice in rightness; they must

be given practice in right doing before they can appreciate the reason for it. They must be trained to overcome the annoyance it causes them. But how?

By tying up the practice of the good habit with something that brings joy, or lacking that, to something that gives more and further—reaching unpleasantness.

"I cannot take you with me to-day because you are too dirty. I warned you about that. I'm sorry you forgot, but you have to stay at home and wash up."

"The Scout Master said he had chosen you to make the presentation speech next week because you had such good manners. Wasn't it good that you practiced them?"

"Had you told me exactly the reason you wanted to go out Friday evening I could have arranged it for you. By keeping the real reason to yourself you made me mistrust you and you lost the pleasure."

Don't expect too much of the children. Teach them, set them a good example; wait patiently for the seed you sow will not be harvested for many, many years. But nothing is surer than that it will be harvested.

Take thought to yourself. What good habit that you have painstakingly acquired needed, and still needs, bolstering up with consequences? That will help you to keep on struggling to help the children.

§ 19. *THE HABIT OF SICKNESS*

Did you ever know a child who had the habit of sickness? Of course his family had it before him but he learned it thoroughly. He cannot go out when it rains because he has such sensitive elbows. The least dampness affects them. Takes after his Grandfather James who used to have such sensitive elbows that he could foretell the weather and so became a very successful farmer. Always wore red flannel half-sleeves, did Grandfather James.

And of course he has to stay home from school frequently because he is subject to bilious spells. Every so often he has to have a course of calomel. Takes after his Grandfather Williams. That man had a miserable liver. Used to make him trouble every week or so. Laid him up completely. He used to have such headaches that he thought he was going insane. Used to thrash about the bed so they had to get him an extra heavy one. Very bad livers in our family. My, yes.

This child is very, very nervous. The least thing upsets his nerves and his mother has to go to the teacher every term and explain that she must be very careful how she speaks to him or she'll upset him and he will be home sick. Takes after his Great Aunt Caroline. The most nervous woman in Hill County. The doctors used to come from all over to see if they could help her but they never could. Aunt Caroline's nerves were the worst ever and the poor child inherited them. Yes, he certainly did.

So much for the family tradition of sickness. Every sickness that ever afflicted any member of the family is remembered and talked over and magnified and glorified before the children until they believe that there is something very distinguished about sickness and that they must

be true to the family tradition. There is always one child in the group who takes to it more kindly than the others, adopts the habits of sickness.

His parents help him. If he cuts his finger there is a hurrying and a scurrying for bandages and iodine and smelling salts and scissors and adhesive plaster and much, very much talk. Then he must lie down and hold his hand well up over his head and try to rest. Poor dear.

I remembered him when I saw a sturdy mountain lad of twelve chop a deep cut in his hand. The other lad, the one with the tradition and habits of sickness, would have fainted. Not this lad. He washed it as clean as he could in the mountain stream, tore up his white handkerchief with one hand and his teeth, drew the edges of the wound together with spruce gum, tied it up and went on with his job. He was astonished that we insisted upon having a doctor wash and dress his hand. He assured us that there was nothing the matter with it and when the doctor came he said he'd rather use iodine than spruce gum but the hand was all right.

It isn't healthy to talk about illness. It isn't healthy to dramatize it before children. By and by they will reproduce your dramatics backed up by the traditions. Talk health, believe in it, and you'll be more likely to secure it for the children. Sickness and everything belonging to it is ugly.

§ 20. *DAVID, THE STRIPLING*

We teachers and parents who are struggling to secure better schools, better conditions for teachers and children, truer notions about education in general, sometimes lose our vision in the heat of the battle. The leaders of the opposing host, those guardians of the purse strings and defenders of the citadel of ignorance, so warm our fighting spirit that we lower our heads and charge blindly on.

It might be well to stand still a minute and consider David, the Stripling. He is somewhere in our midst. Surely. For wherever the hordes of ignorance are gathered he is bound to appear with his little bag, a few white pebbles from the clear, cool brook, a sling, and a sure straight aim.

Suppose it were you, the mother of children who are crowded into huge classes that make fine teaching impossible. Suppose it were you. The politician, playing to the self-interest of the taxpayer, looks like a big giant. His armor of impenetrable brass makes your heart sink. He is armed with a vocabulary that makes you shrink back in bewildered astonishment and helplessness. His machine vote is as the spear headed with mighty iron.

Haven't you somewhere about you the strong brave heart, the sling and the five white stones from the cool, clear brook? You have. And there isn't a politician or a political machine that can stand up against them, or who, in truth, wants to stand up against them.

There's one firm, smooth, white one that would give the giant pause. It's the one you know as your country. Who that honestly loves his country can refuse to establish his country's schools? A nation goes just as far as its schools reach into its spiritual life. No farther.

There's another that you call good policy. It is not a good policy for a city, town, or nation to keep its schools at a low level. It measures the intelligence level of its citizenry accurately. A low level means disaster—to everybody—everybody.

And there are two more just about the same size and weight—good white stones that will hit hard and travel well in, too—the reduction of criminals and the support of industry. Two fine, smooth stones not to be dodged.

But the whitest and smoothest and flintiest is the one you will pick. It embodies all the force and speed and efficiency of all the others and you will need but the one. It's the "Rights of Childhood." You picked out that stone from the bed of the brook because you knew it for your own. Your mother heart and your mother brain set it apart and now it is to be set winging its way to find the weakest spot in the giant's armor.

Of course that stone looks small as it lies in your hand, and the brassy giant looms large, but, there was David, the Stripling, with faith and right and courage on his side, a smooth, white stone, a clear aim, and victory. Perhaps you have them too.

§ 21. *BASEBALL*

"JUNIOR simply has to stop playing ball," announced his mother with sharp incisiveness, holding up begrimed and tattered knickers. "This is the third pair this week. His shoes are gone. Scrubbed to a frazzle. He is on his last pair. That's bad enough. But—have you seen him this evening?"

"Not yet," said father. "I wondered where he was. Thought he hadn't come in from the game yet."

"He's in. I've been washing and mending him and bandaging him for the last hour. Jun-yur-r-r. Come down here and let your father see you."

Junior came, stiffly. There was a waddy bandage about his left knee and he favored the right heel slightly. The right sleeve of his blouse was rolled high and for a considerable distance above and below the elbow his arm was neatly swathed in white.

His face was rather one-sided and bulgy at that. There was a puff above one eye and the cheek below it was deep red and hinting of blacker shades to come. Long crimson scratches ran from chin to brow and the whole shone under a coat of cold cream. He smelled like a cross between a drug store and a beauty parlor.

"Now isn't that a picture? Wonder he wasn't killed. I tell you this thing has to stop," and mother's voice trembled with anxiety and indignation. "That's not play. It's wild battle and butchery."

"Aw, mom, what's the matter with you? I'm not hurt. Just a few scratches. 'Twont show in the morning. The other fellows are all scratched up too and they aren't saying anything."

"How come?" said father, cocking a mild eyebrow.

"Championship game. The field was kind of sandy and we had a hot game. The Orioles had Red Flannigan pitching for them, the big skins. He's in high school already. But we licked them just the same."

"Did you," said father, "and with Red in the box?"

"Yep. They had three men on bases and me pitching. Not a man got in. Some scrap."

"What was the score?"

"Thirty-two to twenty-nine."

"Hooray," whooped father. "I'll have to buy the team a new ball."

"Make it a leaguer, will you, Pop? We banged the old one to pot."

Boys have to whang out the extra vitality they are generating in the days of their youth that it may be set free without damage. They must play hard, play ball, swim, walk, run, jump, chop, climb and go, go, go, so that they may "return to their resting bed, weary and content and undishonored."

§ 22. *PICTURE BOOKS*

Teaching a child to love books is bestowing a great gift upon him. Happiness is then always within reach of his hand. If he is lonely he has but to turn over his hand and the richest treasures of a friend's best mood are his. If he would forget, if he would remember, if he would learn, if he would laugh or weep or exult, he has but to turn to his book shelf.

Illness loses much of its loneliness and isolation when books have charm. Old age takes on a golden glow when there is a roomful of books ready to recall the happy moods of other days; it acquires a smile of content as a bundle fresh from the press tumbles in bringing the news of to-day and hinting of better to come for the morrow. Home becomes a haven of quiet and inspiration when books have an honored place. When the dancing days are over and there is no more pleasure in them, books have a magic that belongs only to the spirit at peace. There must be books if the family is to have any consciousness other than the material one of food and shelter and clothes and how to secure them.

So we begin early with the little ones and among his first gifts his books appear. Of course they are linen picture books and there is a line of clear print under each picture that tells a story in fine clear language. As the baby turns the pages some one reads that story—if the baby waits long enough. If he is in too big a hurry to see what is on the next page let him pass on. There must be no forcing of the story. He will find it one day and pause before it. Then it is time.

So it is little children learn to read. They will hold the Mother Goose upside down in the beginning but of course

you will set it right by and by and he will read the rhyme at the foot of the picture although he knows not one word from another. He does not have to. He is reading and must not be interrupted to be taught. Just be sure to read and read the little stories to him so that he memorizes them in his first four years.

Let him read the pictures to you. First he will say, "Doggie," "Girl." That's his reading power so far. Be content with that and do not ask for more. His growth is not to be interrupted by your teaching. Little by little he will read more into the picture and by the time he is five or six he will read a long story from the pictures if you have not interfered too much.

By this time he has recognized words and sentences and has begun to do a little independent reading. He goes to school then, and there learns the technique of reading from the teacher who instructs him in the use of phonics and tells him more stories and listens to him while he reads and helps him dramatize his own stories. The important thing is to teach him to turn to his book for the joy of learning or forgetting or resting. Make sure that is done before he is swamped by the technique.

The secret lies in being a good audience the first four years. No child will talk or read during that time, the time when his language impulses are strongest, unless he has an appreciative and intelligent audience. Father and mother meet every requirement if only they will try.

§ 23. *LAZY PARENTS*

Again and again troubled parents come to the school and say, "I don't know what to do with my child. He will not do anything I want him to do. Tell me what I can do with him. Make him obey me."

This happens wherever there are children and parents and school masters. Always the appeal, "Tell me what I can do to help this child. Teach me what I can do for him."

To their minds something is always wrong with the child. It rarely occurs to them to think something might be wrong with themselves. Yet that is generally where the real trouble lies.

Every normal child can be trained to be orderly, punctual, obedient, cheerful, willing, and industrious. The difficulty with the uncontrollable child is the sad fact that his parents have been too lazy or too indifferent to take the trouble to train him.

They soon learned that if they wanted their child to rise early, bathe himself, and start about the work of the day they would have to rise earlier than he, and work faster, in order to see that he did what they wanted him to do. That was altogether too much trouble. It was more comfortable to lie in bed some mornings and they did so and so did the child.

When they told the child that he was to have certain things to eat for his breakfast, it may have been necessary for the parents to be at the table and see that those foods were placed before him, properly cooked, and attractively served. That may have been very inconvenient. If so the youngster did not get that sort of breakfast.

It is rather hard to expect a child to eat boiled cereal when he sees his parents eating the sweet, already prepared

foods that the obliging grocer provides. Example always has been the best teacher. If you have to eat food that is not good for the children, better have them served at a separate table.

The helpless parent is the sort who tells the child in the house he must go to bed regularly at his bedtime hour. Then he proceeds to sit up late to finish a card game and cannot rise on time for breakfast the next morning.

"Children should go regularly to church and Sunday school," the head of the house announces sententiously. Then he unfolds the Sunday newspaper and remains buried in its folds until dinner is announced.

The child decides that nobody in the family means what he says so takes the law into his own hands. What is to be done? I don't know. If you want a well disciplined, well trained, clear-thinking child, you will have to be that sort of person yourself. You, too, will have to follow the well ordered routine of the day.

You do not like that? Neither does the child. But if you cannot manage yourself, how can you ever manage a child?

§ 24. *TO THE BOARDS OF EDUCATION*

You are in charge of the schools. The people of your town have placed a great responsibility upon your shoulders, greater, perhaps, than you realize.

You are directors of the greatest essential industry in the country. The product you turn out, the next generation of American citizens, will balance the progress of the world. Your schools must turn out workers and leaders of workers. Are your schools equipped for the task? Have you the foresight and the courage to demand that they shall be equipped?

Or is it much easier for you to go on in the old way, to jog along somehow? To say, "The school is as good as any in the country. In my day it has turned out fine men and women [you mean yourself] and it will do as well again."

If that is your attitude, you are not serving your townspeople, the children or your country. If you stop to think about it, the schools have always been a generation behind. The idea has always been that the schools must be conservative.

If the school you attended was a generation behind, and the school before that was also a generation behind, and no attempt has been made to bring your school up to date, then education in your town is still at the age of candles and stagecoaches in the world of electric lighting and transportation.

If you were directing any other business you would know when it became necessary to add to the plant, to renew equipment, to scrap old material, to engage new employees. You would know the details of the business you were con-

ducting. You would feel responsible to the stockholders. You would be forced to have first-hand knowledge.

That is what a board of education should have, first-hand knowledge. The way to get it is to live in the school. You raise your hands in protest. Your business would suffer? Then go and attend to your business and leave the school's business to some one who can afford to give his time to it.

Take an office in the school. Live in it for a year. Learn at first hand what the school is doing, where it is tending what it needs. Don't talk out aloud to any one for a year. Then call the neighbors and tell them what you have learned.

"These things have I seen with mine own eyes," and they will listen and follow you because you speak with authority.

The board is a board of leadership and hence of grave responsibility.

§ 25. *THE SCHOOL'S PARENT*

After a quarter of a century of school-teaching I have decided on the sort of parent that makes the ideal school parent. He has emerged out of a welter of all sorts and sizes, dispositions and characters. Here he is:

He never comes to school unless he is in a reasonable frame of mind. If the teacher has sent home a bad report or his son has made bitter complaint against the teacher he waits until he can keep his voice even before he appears in the office to discuss the matter.

He is as quick to praise as to blame. That will be a truly distinctive characteristic for many blame us and few praise us. But the good school parent drops the teacher a note telling her how pleased he is with Junior's progress and how grateful he is to her for taking so much interest in the little rascal.

He always appears at the school functions and manages to say a word of appreciation to the teacher of his youngster and to the principal of the school. He attends the parents' meetings and offers his assistance when workers are needed. He helps raise the funds for the victrola and heads the committee that asks for additional play space and science equipment for the school. He finds time to attend to school business.

When the school is under fire he speaks for or against with authority because he has stayed close to the school and knows. He will take the side of the children regardless of anything else.

He will be among those who ask for modern methods and equipment and understands the need for both although he went as a child to a small district school where the water pail stood on a bench with a tin dipper hanging

above it and the toilets were outdoor affairs to be forgotten if possible and where the teacher was some one who had some schooling and was pausing on his step up the ladder to make his next term's tuition. He can remember this and yet be willing that the children of this generation have a better chance. He is willing even to the extent of attending meetings to push his idea and paying taxes to support it.

He is the sort of parent who dislikes gossip and who silences it by saying, "I'll stop in and ask the teacher about this on my way down town to-morrow morning. I don't believe it and I'm going to give her a chance to speak for herself. . . . O, well, of course, if you don't want me to I won't unless I should hear the story again."

He is the sort of parent who says to the teacher, "I'm going to trust you and believe in you until you make me do otherwise. You are the teacher and you are on the spot. I am the father [or mother] and I'm at a distance. You must do with the child what you think is best. I will support you with all my power. I expect you to remember that this child is mine and that he is endowed with my characteristics and animated by my ambitions. I know you will try to interpret him through what you know of me and that you will ask me for help when you need it. I know you will work with me sympathetically and yet wisely because you have the training and the knowledge and the desire to be of service. . . . Count on me."

O yes, I meet him every once in a while.

Guiding Principles

> People have faith in the school even though they do not know what goes on behind the school doors. Because they have faith they throw more and more of their own responsibility on the school and the school shoulders the burden. The process must be reversed. . . . The school must open the doors. It must reach out and spread itself and come into direct contact with its people. . . . It must put the responsibility on the parent, not so much the individual parent as groups of parents. . . . The school is going back to the home. . . . What the schools need is the push of the crowd. What the crowd needs is the pull of child life. The school must become the people.—Angelo Patri, *A Schoolmaster of the Great City*

The school cannot do it all. The parents, the grandparents, the community, the homes, the use of leisure, the play, the church, the library, and countless other agencies are at work quietly, but surely in the tremendous movement called education. There are twenty-four hours in a day. The child spends at best six hours in school, five days in a week, forty weeks in a year. He spends eighteen hours outside of school, seven days in a week and fifty-two weeks in a year. No, the school cannot compete! The handicaps are too great. It must be together, child, teacher, parents, home, community, and church. All need the school, but even more does the school need all the other helpers. Educating boys and girls is the biggest job in this land of ours. It is too big a job for the schools alone. Confidence and faith are at the base of all coöperative endeavors. Children, teachers, and parents must coöperate.

Problems

1. Why is education too big a job for the schools?
2. Why have the schools been forced to attempt the entire job of education?
3. What is the work and function of a real Parent-Teachers' Association?
4. List the community agencies that exert a positive educational influence. How may the school use these auxiliary agencies?
5. How is play a great educational factor? What does a child learn through play? If this be true what are our responsibilities, as teachers and parents, in this line?
6. If the hope of a nation rests with its children, is any effort in their behalf by anybody too great to undertake? With whom does the responsibility for education of our boys and girls rest?

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RULES

1. Books of fiction may be kept two weeks and may be renewed once for the same period. The time limit for books of non-fiction shall be determined by the librarian.

2. A fine of one cent a day shall be charged on each book kept overtime, except reserved books. A fine of two cents per hour will be charged for reserved books which are not returned at the time specified by the librarian when the book is taken. No book will be issued to persons incurring such fines until they have been paid.

3. All injuries to books beyond reasonable wear and all losses shall be made good to the satisfaction of the librarian.